SEE OUR PROSPECTUS ON PAGE 56.

THE NAUTILUS.

Vol. IX. NOVEMBER, 1906. No. 1.

CONTENTS:

Secret of Quick Healing,		Elizabeth Towne,	7
Thanksgiving, (New Poem)		Minnie E. Hayes,	9
"The Stars in their Courses," (Story)		Frederick Rosslyn,	10
Within Two Mazes,		Prof. Edgar L. Larkin,	16
The Law of the Rhythmic Breath, (Continued)		Ella Adelia Fletcher,	21
"Credulity," (New Poem)		Ella Wheeler Wilcox,	25
The Nervous System of Jesus,		Salvarona,	26
A Meditation on Supply,		Florence Morse Kingsley,	31
"Coming Down with——"		Margaret Messenger,	32
Scientific Physiology,		Wallace D. Wattles,	34
Prayer and Arithmetic, (Serial Story)		Eleanor Kirk,	36
An Epoch in Human History,		William E. Towne,	39
Shamrock Philosophy,		Isabel Goodhue,	42
A Legion of Good Wills,		Walter DeVoe,	43
If I had a Vote,		Elizabeth Towne,	45
Things That Make for Success,			50
New Thought in the Kitchen,		Riley M. F. Berry,	54
Good Things Coming,			56

YEARLY SUBSCPIPTION, $1.00. **SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS.**

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

Published Monthly **Holyoke, Mass.**

Entered at the Post Office at Holyoke as second class mail matter. Foreign postage 24 cents.

THE NAUTILUS.

ELIZABETH TOWNE, WILLIAM E. TOWNE } Editors

Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Florence Morse Kingsley
Grace MacGowan Cooke
Henry Wood
Prof. Edgar L. Larkin
Frederick Rosslyn
Floyd B. Wilson
Eleanor Kirk
Margaret Messenger
Wallace D. Wattles
O Hashnu Hara
Ella Adelia Fletcher
Riley M. Fletcher Berry

These Are NAUTILUS Contributors for 1905-6 Others Coming !

THE NAUTILUS, monthly, $1.00 a year; foreign countries, 5 shillings, 2 pence, by international money order. Foreign money, stamps or postal notes *not acceptable*. THE NAUTILUS is owned and published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass., to whom should be sent all subscription and all correspondence regarding the magazine.

If special receipt is desired for subscription sums less than $1.00, send self-addressed and stamped envelope or card.

You will save me, and perhaps yourself, a lot of trouble if you will state whether your subscription is new or a renewal.

We send you a notification when your subscription expires, but we do not discontinue your subscription until specially notified to do so. Unless we are thus specially notified it is assumed that you wish the magazine continued.

Give *full* name and *fullest* address in *every letter*.

Send *prompt* notification of change of address, giving *both* old and new addresses. This is most important, for names cannot be found on list *unless town and state are given*.

I assume no responsibility for copies of NAUTILUS lost through failure to notify me *promptly* when address is to be changed.

All articles and items appearing in NAUTILUS which are not otherwise signed or quoted, are written by the editor.

All articles, poems and items, in this magazine are written especially for THE NAUTILUS, unless otherwise indicated; and are protected by copyright. Other publications are welcome to quote portions of articles printed in our columns provided credit is given THE NAUTILUS.

"With Tears of Thankfulness."

I am not a philanthropist but it makes my heart sing to get letters like the following, which was written by a little woman who had been studying my *"Lessons on the Realization of Health and Success"*:

"I must write and tell you something of what these Lessons are to me. I have said to myself a thousand times, 'And all for three little dollars!' And oh! how I have blessed you with tears of thankfulness raining down my face. I have spent my life behind a great big wall, peeping round the end of it with terror in my heart, waiting for the dreadful things I knew were coming. They came, and left me with less strength to fight the next trouble. And all this I thought came from God. I knew He could prevent it, but thought He wanted to see how much we could bear, and that in the next world He would make up somehow, if we fought hard enough. I don't know much yet. But oh, I'm resting from the agony. I'm out in front of that wall, looking round with smiling eyes, and the troubles, the dreads, are sinking away from me, and I am breathing freely at last."—J. D.

A man who was a nervous wreck writes:
"I have made great progress, and find myself in much better shape mentally, and gaining self-control more and more every day."

Would YOU like to have better health, more courage and greater success? Then get these lessons and the books that go with them.

FOR $1.00 YOU CAN GET THE LESSONS AND THE TWO BOOKLETS, "Solar Plexus," and "How to Concentrate," that go with them. (Any other of Elizabeth Towne's books to the value of 50 cents may be substituted for these; or six months' subscription to *Nautilus.*)

Or you may have the **LESSONS FREE** with an order for $3.00 worth of our publications, including *Nautilus* or not, as you please. (See inside front cover page for list of our publications.)

Or, send stamp for *"The Peculiar and Wonderful Experience of a Chicago Man,"* who studied these Lessons and won great success. I will also include complete catalog of all my books.

Any of my publications to the value of $3.00. (This includes Mrs. Wilcox's "Literary Career," "The Everyday Book," and *The Nautilus,* if you wish them.)	$3.00
Four Lessons on the Realization of Health and Success	.50
A copy of "How to Heal Yourself," by James A. Kern	.25
A copy of our new "Nautilus Madonna"	
A "Beautiful Results" motto card	
A new Nautilus postal card, showing our new home	
	$3.75

ALL THE ABOVE FOR ONLY $3.00 IF YOU ORDER NOW.

Address ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

I GUARANTEE THIS FOUNTAIN PEN

THE AUTO-FILLER PEN cleans and fills itself **automatically** in 20 seconds, and you do not soil your fingers in the least during the process.

You twist a small thumb stem and the pen does the rest. No dropper, no inky joints to unscrew, no metal parts, no piston to leak or break. **Has only four parts.**

THE AUTO-FILLER PEN never fails to write clear up to the last drop without blotting.

The workmanship on this pen is of the **very best,** and only the highest grade materials are used in its construction.

Pens are of 14k gold, equipped with finest "Diamond" iridium points.

I believe it is the strongest and most durable pen made.

I have been a daily user of fountain pens for over ten years and this is the only completely satisfactory pen I have ever found.

I **guarantee** the pen to give satisfaction or it may be returned after 10 days' trial.

Why not use one or more of these beautiful pens for **Christmas.** Made in different sizes for men and women.

Illustrated descriptive circular and price list free on application. Address

WILLIAM E. TOWNE, DEPT. I, HOLYOKE, MASS.

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

MONTHLY. One Dollar a Year. | NOVEMBER, 1906. | VOL. IX. No. 1.

The Secret of Quick Healing.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

"If the flesh is without feeling, perfectly dumb and harmless, as Eleanor Kirk says, then why is it necessary to use anaesthetics before an operation? The Real, as you term it, is surely rendered unconscious or leaves the body for the time being."—ETTA B. NEWTON, Richmond, Va.

The soul of you strings wires through your body, and thereon it receives messages from every minutest part of the body It strings other wires upon which it sends messages to every part. We call these wires sensory and sympathetic nerves.

Nerves are filled with a molecular matter which transmits thought just as electrified wires transmit telegraphic messages. Disconnect your telegraphic instrument or wires from the battery which charges them and no message will carry beyond the key.

Something like this happens when you take an anaesthetic. There is a disconnection somewhere, which prevents the messages from carrying to the seat of consciousness. The same thing happens in cases of partial paralysis—the legs are there just the same, pins may be stuck into them, they may be pinched, or even cut off, and yet there is no feeling. No message passes to the center of consciousness. But you don't think the soul has withdrawn from the legs of a paralytic, do you? Neither does it withdraw from the body when one takes an anaesthetic.

Somewhere I have read the statement that the nerves are filled with a sort of fluid in which dwell negative and positive ions so close together that mental and sensory messages are passed from one to the other, from negative to positive ion, and then to negative and again to positive, and so on—as if a long string of people, alternate men and women, were to pass a verbal message from New York to Washington, or back again. According to the statement I refer to, an anaesthetic causes the nerves to so relax that the ions spread farther apart and cease to pass the messages from one to the other. This seems at least a reasonable theory, and one in full accord with the observed phenomena of anesthesia. In partial paralysis the interruption occurs at some particular spot, perhaps at a point of lesion due to accident.

There are other ways of inhibiting sensory messages, besides taking an anaesthetic or cutting the nerve wires. The same results can be gained—with some people—by hypnotism. I sat in a dentist's office once and saw a young girl hypnotised so that the dentist could grind out the center of an ulcerated tooth which was so sensitive the dentist could not touch it with his finger without causing extreme pain. The girl never lost consciousness a moment during that tedious operation, and she experienced absolutely

no pain. By suggestion the hypnotist had caused the nerves to so relax that they carried no messages of pain.

In the early Christian times, and later, many a martyr was burned to death without feeling pain. A state of high spiritual exaltation such as they worked up for themselves has the effect of relaxing the nerves and muscles of the body, thus inhibiting sensory messages of either pain or pleasure. To take the consciousness *above* the body leaves the body in a state of *un*-consciousness. If there *is* any "feeling," any life, in a sore tooth, it cannot make the *I* know it unless the nerves are in a suitably tensed condition. Any dentist will tell you that if you relax you will not feel the pain so severely as if you sit with clenched muscles; and you can easily prove it. I have, numberless times.

Don't you know that a little child hardly feels a tumble that would hurt an older person severely? The child's body is reposeful, while the grown-up's is tense; so the grown-up's mind gets a message and suffers with its body, while the child's body only *suffers locally,* without bothering the center of consciousness about it.

Yes, I doubt Eleanor's statement that the body is a thing without feeling. I am inclined to think every tiniest molecule and even every ion, has a soul, body and feelings of its own; that every tiny cell has its individual life and feelings, just as you or I do; that *we* are "cells" in God's organized body, and in turn we have *organized* countless millions of cells in *our* bodies.

Each cell in your body has its individual duties and its "municipal," "state" and "government" and "social" duties, even as you and I. And even as we, our body-cells are growing in know-how. We have our little local disturbances without making the central government at Washington suffer with us. We don't call on them unless things get too serious for the state, or the city, to handle. When your tooth gets sore and needs attention why should it keep your central consciousness in agony while it is being attended to? No reason at all, *except that you have not yet trained your nerves not to carry unnecessary messages to the seat of government.*

What an anesthetic, or a lesion, or hypnotism can do, can also be done by simple self-suggestion. And the nerves can be *trained* to carry pain-messages only when really necessary. I have repeatedly quenched the fire of quite severe burns by immediately relaxing the entire body, breathing fully and affirming instant *peace.* And the blisters disappeared in an incredibly short time, and without soreness.

To my mind, the body would not respond to mental messages if it were not *all mind and intelligence.* A dead, feelingless body, or a body of "nothing" could not respond to mental impulse. The body is an organization of intelligent little beings who are only too eager to carry out the will of the central governing intelligence—just as you and I are eager to carry out God's will, when we can find out what it is. Just as the world shows one thousand applicants for every government job offered, so the body has one thousand little intelligences eager to carry on every bit of *your* work.

If you burn your hand every little cell in the neighborhood sets to work instantly to repair the ravages. *Speak peace to them and encourage them, and they will do the work in an amazingly short time. But get tense and spend your energy simply feeling pain with or for them, and you hinder the process of repair.*

EVERY ATOM OF YOUR BODY IS INTELLIGENT, AND IS AMENA-

BLE TO RIGHT DIRECTION AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

In giving directions and encouragement to an intelligent being you first state plainly your requirement and encouragement, and *then you go off and leave everything to the worker's intelligence.* This is what a good many of us *don't* do where we give suggestions or directions to ourselves. We stand around and watch symptoms, and *send discouragement and adverse directions after the good ones we started out with.*

You see, *we forget the spirit, the soul, in looking at the body.* And it is the spirit of us *and of every body-cell* that is all-power and all-intelligence, that *makes* the body and re-makes it again and again.

The secret of the most powerful healing is to get your thought above the body, to *rise into the spirit which maketh alive,* and there to deliver your directions and encouragement—not at the body, but *above it in the spirit.* To rise into a sense of spiritual exaltation and wholeness is to set all-mightiness to work in desired directions, *and at the same time to relax the body and give the spirit its opportunity to work therein its good will.*

Notice and you will see that the farther you get your thought *down into* your body the more burdened and impotent you feel. To rise into the ideal, where *bodies* do not cumber the soul, is to *open* the body to receive—*not* your *thought* which is but recognition; as you rise into the ideal your body *relaxes and sleeps while the spirit-power of life informs it anew.*

Get above your body, above your environment, and you open the way for a flood of *the only power which can renew and improve body and environment.*

Thanksgiving.

When bluebirds tilted graceful heads
Above the fragrant violet beds;
When robins hid their turquoise gems,
And berries hung from silken stems;
When doves were cooing on the eaves,
And pearls were set in iris leaves;
When o'er their nests the thrushes sang,
And curfew harebells lightly rang,
You saw, in all, God's loving care.

THEN LET THANKSGIVING FILL THE AIR!
And unto Him your love declare.

When hills turned golden in a night,
And fields showed colors warm and bright;
When perfumes met in wayside streets
To tell of cherished autumn sweets;
When memories came thick and fast
To bring the harvest of the past,
The fruited joys of all the years—
To cover griefs, and sighs and tears,
You saw and felt God's love and care.

THEN LET THANKSGIVING FILL THE AIR!
And unto Him your love declare.

MINNIE E. HAYS.

Written for the Nautilus.

The Stars in their Courses.

(With original illustration by the author.)

By Frederick Rosslyn.

Old David Hartwell's face wore an expression of deep chagrin. As a professional man of letters, he had always prided himself on his perfect memory. Dates and names had come to him at will; it was seldom that he had been forced to verify a quotation. His mind had been like wax to receive impressions, like steel to retain them. And now he was perplexed by a quotation he could not assign to any one author. "The stars in their courses"—hum, hum, hum! Who had written that? The words had suddenly leaped forth from the dim background of his mind, but he could not recall the name of the poet who had given them to the world. It was a poet, of course; one of the mighty minds of antiquity, probably. One of the great Greeks, perhaps or more likely a Roman of the early empire.

"The stars in their courses"—ah, tut, tut, tut! Such a lapse of memory as this was unaccountable on the part of a vigorous man of sixty-five. No thought of senile decay, of the slow failing of mind and body, had ever troubled him as yet, but now a sudden fear turned his heart cold. Was his memory failing him? Was he, too, to travel the road so many famous men had trudged wearily along before him? He thought of the old age of Emerson, of the blank evening of the poet Southey's life, and the fear that had seized on his heart became a living terror. Benumbed in mind and chilled in body, he stopped dead still in the crowded street, staring steadily before him with eyes that saw nothing.

It was a dreary November evening, with a general impression of murkiness overhead and of sloppiness underfoot. A drizzling rain was falling, but the dazed old man kept his closed umbrella tightly hugged beneath his left arm. On such an evening, when the natural resemblance Philadelphia bears to London is increased a thousandfold, pessimistic philosophers moralize over the miseries of life, and dream of a world remade to meet their own ideas of cheerfulness and comfort. Irritable men and worn-worn women jostled one another at street corners, where the cross currents of the homeward flowing tides of humanity met. The harmless umbrella, sacred to the memory of Jonas Hanway, became a weapon of offence and defence. Apologies that sounded like challenges to battle were received with tart remarks about the proverbial awkwardness of the stronger sex. It was an evening, in fact, on which poor humanity did not show to advantage.

"The stars in their courses—the stars in their courses—the stars in their courses!" Standing like an image carved of stone in the very middle of the sidewalk, mumbling over and over again the perplexing quotation, the old scholar forced the swiftly flowing tide of homeward bound wage-earners to divide into two turbulent streams. Many questionable compliments were showered upon his grey head, but his ears were deaf to all outward sounds. Suddenly, however, his cherished high hat, which he had worn for more than ten years, was knocked from his head, and he was awakened from his reverie to find himself standing uncovered in the rain, with his closed umbrella still clasped beneath his

arm. Then he became conscious that someone was speaking to him, and that his hat had been gently replaced on his head by a young girl who had to step on tiptoe to do it.

"I'm so sorry," she said, lifting a pair of penitent blue eyes to his face, "But I was hoodwinked by my own raised umbrella and I didn't see you until I *felt* you."

The penitence went out of her eyes as she spoke and a look of laughter filled them instead. But the manner in which her apologies were accepted almost frightened her out of her wits. For the old man suddenly swung up his closed umbrella like a war-club or battle-axe, and shouted at the full pitch of an unusually sonorous voice:

"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera!"

He waved his umbrella frantically about his head; he even performed a fantastic step or two, which might have been reminiscent of some ancient war dance. Then, as suddenly as he had flamed up into seeming madness, he calmed down again. His exalted expression gave place to one of everyday good breeding; his eyes came down to earth and met the bewildered, half-frightened stare of the young girl who stood before him.

"Thank you very much, my dear," he said; "it's from the song of Deborah, of course. How stupid it was of me to forget. It all comes, I suppose, of neglecting church service, and of not reading a certain book as often as I should do."

"The Stars in their Courses ——"

It was the pretty shop-girl who was in a state of perplexity now, for quite naturally she could make nothing of all this. Probably the kind-looking old gen-

tleman was a little mad; but out of what seemed to her the confused nonsense of his speech she had seized upon one word, and she now said:

"My name is Deborah, too."

Her clear, young voice carried her meaning even to his dazed mind, for he looked at her with a sudden interest.

"Deborah?" he queried, drawing his shaggy grey eyebrows together and frowning down at her like an elderly ogre who was inclined to be merciful. "Deborah is a very unusual name for a young girl to bear at the present time. I thought they were all called either Gladys or Gwendolen, especially if necessity forced them to go behind a counter or into a factory."

Then he suddenly became conscious of the fact that he was probably speaking to a girl of the class he had just satirized, and he blushed under his grey hairs like a bashful schoolboy.

"I beg your pardon," he said, removing his mud-bespattered high hat and standing bareheaded in the drizzling rain; "I beg your pardon. I was only generalizing, and not more than half serious."

"You may not have been more than half serious, but you came very near to the truth," exclaimed the girl, and there was the sound of laughter in her voice. "The sort of shop-girl who calls herself a 'saleslady' almost always is named either Gladys or Gwendolen. At least she says that she is, though I doubt if her sponsors in baptism gave her either name. But I was named after my mother, who was named after her mother, and so on for many generations."

Then she became aware of his bare head and closed umbrella, and said, with a little air of authority that became her very well, "You mustn't stand bareheaded in the rain, or you'll catch cold. And why don't you put up your umbrella? Here, give it to me and hold mine for a moment."

She took his umbrella from him with gentle force, unfurled its wet folds with some difficulty, raised it and handed it back to him. It was a cumbersome affair, long past the years of its youth and beauty, but it went well with his obsolete high hat and his long-out-of-fashion frock coat.

"Thank you, thank you," he murmured. Then he added in a louder voice, "I'm afraid we have been blocking the sidewalk. I think I overheard a chance remark to that effect. I was in a deep reverie when you were,—ah, hum,—so kind as to bring me back to mundane affairs. Thank you, thank you. Deborah is a beautiful scriptural name; much more beautiful than Gladys or Gwendolen—yes, yes, yes! Good-bye, Miss Deborah, good-bye! Thank you, thank you."

He lifted his hat once more, with old school good breeding, and she went her homeward way and he went his. The November night was closing in; the electric lights suddenly flared overhead, casting lines of reflected light along the wet flagstones. But neither the chill dankness of the night air nor the sloppiness of the streets troubled the old scholar. He had traced down the quotation that had caused him so much perplexity, and, for the time being, was quite happy. Senile decay at sixty-five! Pooh, pooh! The idea was preposterous. Men of his breed were good for twenty years more of active life. There was still work in the world for him to do, and he would live to do it.

"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera!"

How that one line haunted his memory. It proved, too, how old the belief in astrology must be. Astronomy had superseded astrology; yet the stars still moved in their courses. And Napoleon

had believed in the star of his destiny; Napoleon, a man of high intellect; Napoleon, a man of vast designs and wonderful achievements. And did the stars in their courses influence his own life? He smiled at the fancy; how could they effect the even passage of his studious days? And yet—and yet—how often his great work had been interrupted. "The Origin of the Aryan Peoples;" he murmured the title as tenderly as a young mother breathes the name of her child. It was his *magnum opus,* to which he had given the best years of his life. The primitive home of the Aryan race had been on the steppes of southern Russia, of that his researches had made him sure. They had dwelt near the Caspian sea; yes, yes, by the Caspian sea. Not in any part of the Hindoo-Koosh; no, no, no, that was an exploded idea, or would be as soon as his great work was finished and given to the world. There would be ten years more of steady toil before he could hope to see the words he had written in print, and he was already sixty-five years of age. Well, Baron von Humboldt had lived to be one hundred; men of intellect, with an object in life, lived long.

He reached the house he called his home while thus reasoning with himself, and opened the door with his latchkey. He expected no welcome, and he received none. A dim light was burning at the foot of the narrow flight of stairs that led up to his study; a dreary room, with a still drearier outlook on a dull back street. He got out his own slippers from under his writing-table and then unlaced and pulled off his own wet boots. The effort this cost him took him by surprise; it seemed to leave him breathless and without strength. He sat huddled up in his easy chair, gloomily pondering with chin on breast, until the harsh jangling of a bell recalled him to the fact that he must go through the form of eating dinner.

He was not hungry, but he slowly descended the stairs to the dining-room and took his customary place at the table. His housekeeper, a grim-looking woman of uncertain age, sat opposite to him; the one maid who served under her iron rule brought in the dishes from the kitchen and made a faint show of serving the man who paid her wages. The meal as usual was eaten in almost complete silence. Mrs. Betlow, the housekeeper, included in the general ill-will with which she regarded humanity the old scholar's beloved Aryan peoples, so that he never ventured to mention the one subject in which he took an interest. To play the part of Moliere to this woman with the cold, irresponsive gaze and sullen lips was beyond his courage. He sometimes brought several sheets of his manuscript to the table with him, but he had never dared to read a passage aloud. And if he had done so his words would have fallen on ears that heard not. Nothing interested Mrs. Betlow save the frailties of her friends and relatives.

Except during a short period of unlawful domesticity, when his two rooms had been shared by a young working girl, David Hartwell's life had been given up wholly to study and research. The hours that were not passed among his beloved books and manuscripts were wasted hours. To feed the body was a duty to the mind, else its powers failed, and no more work could be done. Therefore he had always come to his meals when summoned by his housekeeper; and the acerbity of her disposition, which he knew and feared, had made him fairly prompt. It was a dreary life, but as his youth receded in the distance, and the past became a mere dream, he had learned to accept it as a matter of course. "The Origin of the Aryan Peoples" was

both wife and child to him; it filled his mind so completely that he asked for nothing more.

But tonight for the first time in nearly fifty years he was conscious of a sudden sinking of the heart. He lifted his eyes from his plate and glanced furtively at his housekeeper. She sat staring stonily before her, like a twentieth century Sphynx waiting for her next victim. It was useless to look for sympathy there, and tonight, as never before, he felt the need of sympathy. If that young girl whom he had talked to in the street sat opposite to him, he might, perhaps, open his heart to her, as an old man may do to his daughters or granddaughters. He sighed at the hopeless fancy, and pushed his plate away.

"You will send my coffee to my study as usual, Mrs. Betlow," he said as he left the table. "I shall probably work very late tonight."

The housekeeper grumbled an assent, with a muttered comment on the folly of late hours. She did not bid the man whose bread she had eaten for more than thirty years, good night. Neither did she ask after his health, though she noted the feeble, dragging step with which he passed from the room.

But when David Hartwell sat down at his study table and picked up his pen, he found that the inclination to work had suddenly left him. Instead of fixing his thoughts on the matter in hand, he sat dreaming of the days of his youth, when the Aryans were nothing to him and the love of a lass seemed of more value to him than all the world had to give in the way of rewards or honors. How pleasant it had all been while it lasted. What was the name of that poem of Browning's in which a dying man's thoughts drifted back to a liason of his youth? He did not stop to answer the question, but let his thoughts stray at their own free will. Deb had been a dear girl. Yes, Deb was her name; short for Deborah, a good old scriptural name. Her New England ancestry accounted for that. Puritan stock —yes, yes, Puritan stock. And the child —it was a pity he had not done the right thing after the child was born. But men are thoughtless in their youth; he had only acted as men have done from the dawn of civilization. Poor Deb! Poor, pretty, patient Deb! Perhaps he would have been happier if he had kept his word to her, but what man ever kept his promise of marriage to the girl who yielded to his desire. And Deb was not of his class, though sweet natured and gentle. Poor Deb! how happy they had been together for a time. And her daughter would be a woman now— the little daughter whom he remembered as a speechless, smiling baby. A woman —why, she might be a mother with a daughter of her own almost grown to woman's state. It was more than forty years since he parted with the girl he had wronged. Well, well; his life had been orderly enough since that one youthful folly. If men were to answer for their sins at some final far off judgment, his were surely not very numerous or black.

"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." How that line haunted his memory. And it was from the song of Deborah. Deborah—ah! Was there an ominous meaning in the name? What was it that long-haired fakir, that so-called astrologer, had foretold concerning his life? "You will attempt a great work that will never be finished—you will toil for many years without result— you will die with your hopes unfulfilled." Bah! It was the meaningless jargon of an ignorant charlatan. And yet how well he remembered the fellow's face; he could even hear the sound of his croaking voice. "The stars in

their courses fight against you," he had said. Yes, yes, that was it; out of this memory had arisen the words which had haunted him all day. The fellow had had the presumption to garble a passage from the sacred song of Deborah. And it was his Deb, led away by her girlish curiosity, who had forced him to go and see the astrologer. The old scholar smiled at the memory, and then sighed. "Poor Deb," he murmured; "poor Deb! I sometimes wish I had not deserted her. That girl I met in the street today might be her daughter's daughter. Ah, me!"

His mournful musings were interrupted at this point by an impatient tattoo on the closed door. It was the maid with his coffee—the strong black brew that kept his mind alert when nature called for rest and sleep. The maid, a slatternly, sullen - faced household drudge, put the small coffee pot and cup and saucer on the table without even looking at the weary old man, and then shambled from the room. When he was again alone he poured out and drank a cup of coffee, and then took up his pen with a resolute air. But he had only written a single line when he dropped back in his chair with a muffled cry of pain. His face had grown suddenly white, and his left hand was pressed against his side. For a moment he sat rigid and still, then he made a feeble effort to arise, dropping his pen and clinging for support to the edge of the table. His strength was wholly gone, and he wavered from side to side like a reed blown about in the wind. Then, just before he dropped in a huddled heap to the floor, he threw out both arms with a gesture of entreaty, and cried aloud: "Deborah! Deborah!"

* * * * * *

It was heart failure the doctors said. That is what they say of every death they cannot explain in any other way. Being men of some learning, and knowing the dead man's position in the world of letters, they examined the last page of his manuscript with great interest. Apparently he had written but one line on the night of his sudden seizure, for the last words his pen had traced stood out boldly and alone, entirely distinct from the body of the text, with which they seemed to have no connection in thought. But more than one learned man afterwards tried to trace a connection between that sonorous line from a Semitic source and David Hartwell's unfinished history of the Aryan peoples. For these were the last words the dead scholar had written:

"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

DETERMINATION.

ETHEL L. PREBLE.

Determination! Thou fore-runner of Success;
Thou life-breath of all great desire;
Thou art a power that few possess:
Thou art the spark which makes the fire!
The tenacious beach-grass, thou,
Which binds the shifting sands of idle thought,
And,—with that force which makes men bow—
Lo! In them a miracle is wrought!

Written for THE NAUTILUS.

Within Two Mazes, Literary and Botanical.

VISITING WITH JACK LONDON AND LUTHER BURBANK.

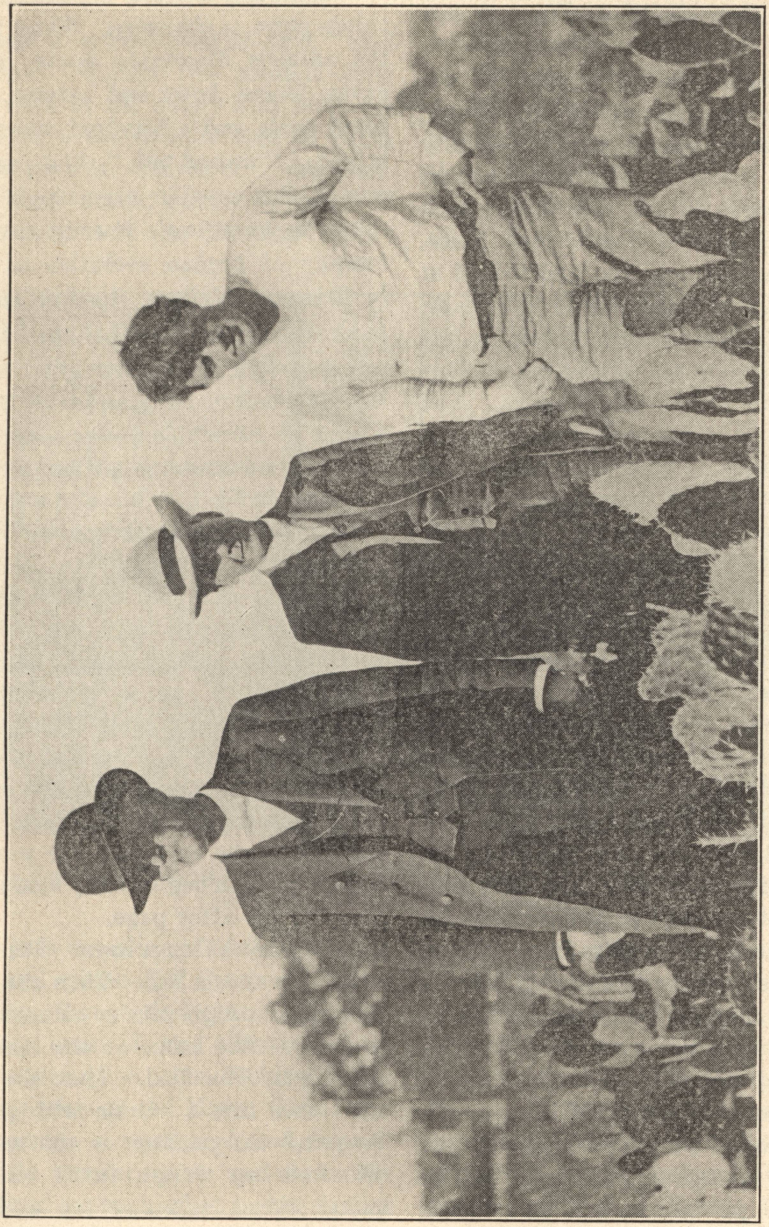
By Prof. Edgar L. Larkin.

Oh! blessed days, three golden days, California days. There! the Korean bells rang again. It is 1.30 a. m., September 14, 1906. I am writing notes in a little building sixteen feet square, and nine feet high, made of California redwood boards and shingles. The little house is buried in a "deep tangled wildwood," and almost invisible, for the vines, trees and shrubs obscure views from every direction. And the owner wishes that every part of the building could be hidden from all intruders. For it is a famous literary "den." Jack London and his wife, and a crew of four persons are almost ready to start on their new sail and steam yacht for a seven years' cruise to every point of interest on earth, except the actual North and South poles. The bells were brought from Korea by Mr. London. He secured them when acting as a correspondent in the Russian-Japanese war. And the tuneful things are suspended on swaying branches of trees around the wildwood den. A light breeze sways the twigs and sonorous ringings and tinklings are heard. And now, I am listening to the bells, singing bells, in the "startled air of night," while all alone, and seated in Mr. London's great armchair and writing on his famous desk, in this deep retreat, in a wilderness near Glen Ellen in good old Sonoma county, California. For very many literary people from afar are here bidding the author and his wife a farewell which will last seven years.

I went up to the top of the great inclined cable railroad, on the sharp peak of Echo mountain, and received a letter postmarked Glen Ellen, and directed in Jack London's well known hand. It read: "Come and make me a visit on your return from Boise, Idaho; from the congress." I went. The dwelling house was full to the top of literati. So Mr. London took me over to his "den" in the wilderness. How glad I was that the house was occupied, and that there was no room for me. I remained in this den in the deep wilderness three nights. I entered the now classic place at 11.55 p. m. And at the esoteric and occult hour of midnight the bells rang. I have been in literary dens before, but not in a wilderness, all alone and at midnight. True, I have written for years, all alone and at midnight, in a great astronomical observatory, in a wilderness, not of trees, but of mountain peaks. What is that sound? A branch tossed by the wind, rubbed along the roof. And then all the bells, one hanging over a babbling brook, another in a vine, and another out by the hammock, rang out in unison at 1.30, in the magic time past midnight.

By this time I thought that the author was asleep, and then I locked the door and began. I tore up the house. And now I must tell what the interior of a literary den is like. Of course I had no thought of sleep until I wrote down what I saw for the good sleeping *Nautilus* creatures. First, I had to imagine and imagine for a half hour. The best place for imagining was the big armchair, in between the window and desk. Great quart bottles of ink were first examined, and then a ton or two of writing paper.

And then a horrid lot of pencils, not one very sharp. Pens by the gross and postage stamps galore. Upton Sinclair's picture is on the wall looking down on the top of Jack's head when he writes. London loves Sinclair. The walls are adorned with many pictures of Mr. London in Arctic and Klondike dress, those worn by him when he conjured up and out of polar ice the two fascinating books, "A Daughter of the Snows" and "Children of the Frost." And besides these are pictures of the great Dog-Wolf, or Wolf-Dog, the hero of that marvelous novel, "The Call of the Wild." One wall is filled with a wonderful index of



Jack London to the right; Luther Burbank, center, and Edgar L. Larkin to the left. A row of cacti is shown in front; some have spikes and others are spikeless. Burbank Gardens, Santa Rosa, Cal., Sept. 14, 1906.

literature ancient and modern. Mr. London made it himself and he can find any subject on a moment's notice. And books in heaps, but his well worn Herbert Spencer is not in the pile; it is away by itself. But it will soon need a new binding.

Jack London is thirty, yet is one of the few Americans, old or young, who has really peered into the mighty maze—the mind of Herbert Spencer. Oh! I forgot to tell you that I took down every one of Jack's own books, thirteen distinct volumes, and looked at their dates. All were within five years! You may write thirteen books in five years if you want to. He let me see four others all in print—proof copies. And then there is correspondence from the War in Russia to make four more; and enough articles in magazines to make four or five more besides. For Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Dumas were not more prolific.

Just opposite the big chair stands a large terrestrial globe. Every port, river, sea, city, ocean current, wind current and place or point of interest in the world have been studied out on this globe. Their itinerary is complete. They will ascend every navigable river, and explore hidden spots. Mr. and Mrs. London, with a crew of four, will start soon and not return until they have seen all. They have a host of letters from literary people to be opened when their minds are in varying moods, happy or sad; or in different places. I gave Mrs. London one to be opened in the King's Chamber in the Pyramid of Sophis in Egypt. Mr. London handed me the advance or proof copy of his marvelous new book, "Before Adam." I plunged into a deep tangle of trees and vines, and never stopped until I had read every word. It represents Mr. London as an animal along with a tribe of like creatures, in the primeval world. But these beings had the faculty of knowing that they were ever advancing to higher and higher types. How they made discoveries is a subject fascinating in the extreme and the way he has of telling how all of our every-day things came, is charming. Thus, the way the animals discovered boats, doors to caves, fences, bows and arrows, how to plant seeds and a hundred other things is told in "animal talk." But past belief almost, this novel or narrative is double, —two books in one. For the entire philosophy of human evolution as taught by Darwin, Wallace, Spencer and Burbank is made so clear that one finds himself sounding the mighty mind of Spencer long before he is aware of it. It is a book of incredible power,—see what it contains, unconscious philosophy. London lives in Spencer's realm and breaths the very life of that philosopher into animal speech.

But then you just ought to see Charmian London, the author's wife. She is vivacious, light-hearted, happy and free. She is as a right hand to Jack, as she calls him. Whenever he, in writing with a dreadful stub pen, forty miles an hour, runs out of ideas, she at once is aware of that fact. Within one second she says just one word. Instantly the pen begins to fly again, counting off page after page.

Jack throws things some. She watches where the sheets fall. Then she gathers them into a high pile or column—pages in order. She keeps on the lookout for the words, The End. Then she ties up the leaves into a bundle with pink ribbon, and the package is another novel. She fixes up things, turns round and round like a spinning top and drives horses like a young hurricane, and rides fiery steeds with the velocity of the wind. Neither she nor Mr. London ever wear hats during the good old summer time unless they go to San Francisco. And

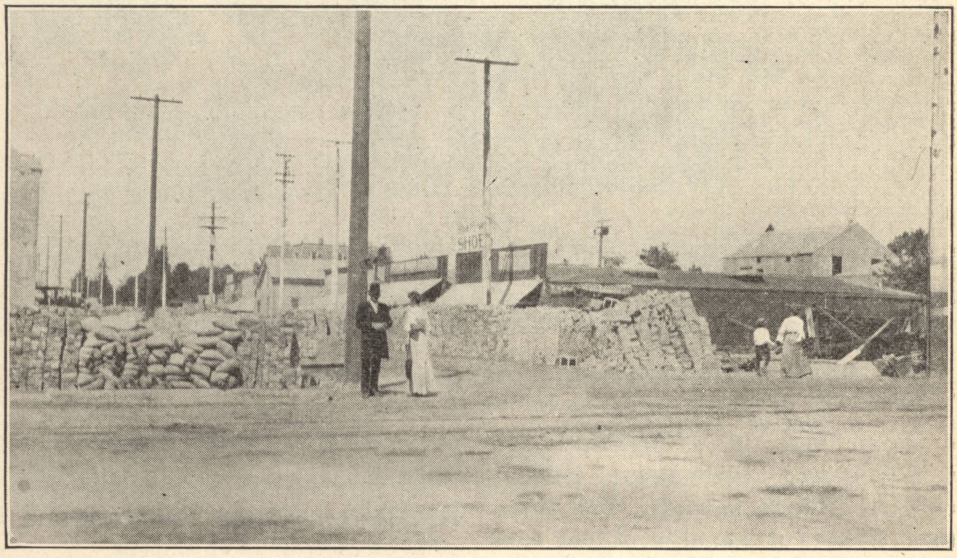
I did not want to go away from this wondrous literary place.

THE SECOND MAZE.

Within a Botanical Labyrinth. Mr. Burbank's Floral Paradise.

"Come, it is ten—time to start," said Charmian. Within two seconds Jack and I were in the buggy and away we started on a twelve mile ride to Santa Rosa to visit Mr. Burbank. Now come genii, bring words, guide my pen. If you do not, then the *Nautilus* cannot hope to gain one glimpse of the ravishing beauty and splendor of the vast gardens. Evolution, change and mutation before your very eyes. I was almost as completely charmed as when looking at the glittering hosts in the Milky Way. One cannot escape a most profound impression while wandering up and down the flower lined avenues, when he knows that everything in the great garden is changing into something else. This is an exceedingly impressive thought and one that awakens every long and dim corridor in the imagination.

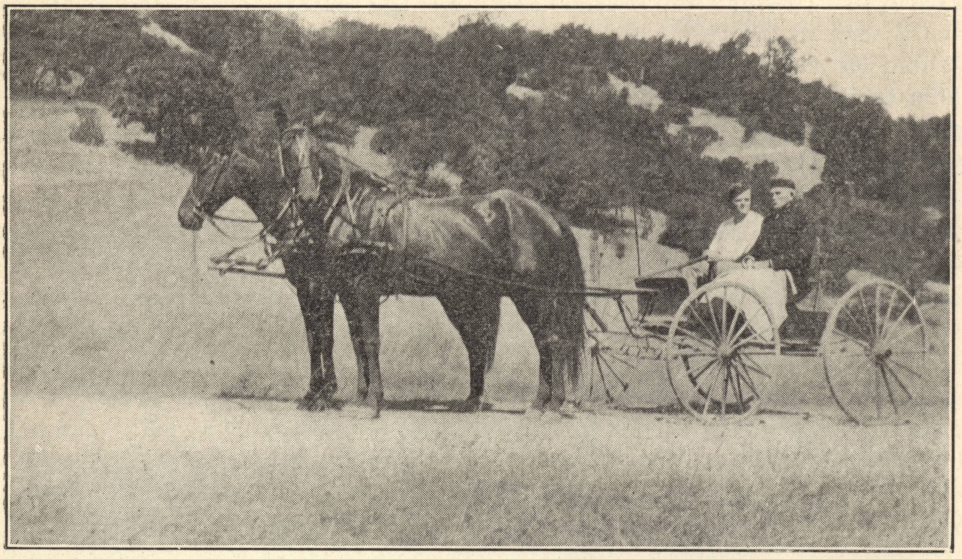
We all loved Mr. Burbank on sight. He actually loves his splendid flowers. And his very being is filled with delight to see the petals within the depths of a flower change color day by day. Thus he showed us a little homely larkspur whose petals were all of one shade. Then the next with a slight change in tint. The next presented a petal springing out over those below with a decided change in hue, and larger all the time. The finished flower at the end of the series would tax a skilled botanist to decide what it is. It is about ten times the size of the original, and the petals are piled on petals, color on changed color, until it turned toward the sun a blooming splendor. Heliotropes, wistarias, roses, carnations, pinks, poppies, those glories of California, lilies, hyacinths, hydrangeas, everything, under his magic touch expands, grows, changes and bursts into living wonderful beauties, and all love each other and Mr. Burbank. He treats his flowers as though they have minds, and know what to do. One would think



Edgar L. Larkin and Charmian London in the earthquake ruins of Santa Rosa, Cal. The sacks at the left are filled with cement for rebuilding.

the wonderful things know what work to do, when they begin as a weed and evolve into a flower.

I wish I could make the evolution of the spikeless cactus plant clear. The entire philosophy of evolution is shown here in a profound and most impressive object lesson, worth a trip from Holyoke to study. This object lesson consists of a number of long rows of cacti. No. 1 in row 1, is a dreadful hooked, spiked and barbed monster, avoided alike by man and beast. No. 2 looks like it; but no, it has a few less spikes; and No. 3, a few less than No. 2. And how intensely fascinating to walk along all the rows, and see the barbs growing thinner and thinner. But the last plant in the end of the last row is a living monument to the genius of Mr. Burbank. There it stands a great splendid plant, with broad, thick and succulent "paddles" as smooth as glass. Thick slices are cut from these and cooked. They taste like the "vegetable oyster plant" and are highly nutritious. The value of the spikeless cacti cannot be mentioned by using the words millions of dollars. The production of this desert plant without cutting barbs and hooks, solves the food problem for cattle in the entire arid regions of our mighty west, for cacti will grow in desert wastes without care. Hugo De Vries, the great sudden mutation evolution man, came to Mr. Burbank's place and looked upon these rows of cacti in astonishment.



Jack London and Edgar L. Larkin on the way from Glen Ellen to Mr. Luther Burbank's Gardens at Santa Rosa, Cal.

Human speech cannot picture the poppies; they are so very large, and of such glorious tints and colors. Speech is also impotent to describe a hundred kinds of roses.

There! The venerable mother of Mr. Burbank came out of her vine smothered house. She is in her ninety-third year, and came into the blessed sunshine and gathered a rose—her son's production, new on earth.

That Charmian London around by the corner of the great conservatory has been kodaking all of us all the time. Neither Mr. Burbank, Jack nor I can strike an attitude without being snapped.

Some of that creature's work is hereby annexed to this note.

One year and ten days ago I went to Mr. Burbank's with the anthropological Society of America. There were forty-two in the party. Mr. Burbank gave each of us a handful of plums, but no two received the same kind. For he has a great fruit changing farm several miles away. This we did not visit. Of course, this is far and away more valuable than the floral garden, aside from the new cacti. Wonders that are now astonishing the world are taking place out there, and scientists from all parts of the earth come to worship at this shrine of fruit, flowers and vegetables. Even I fell in love with the great pure snow white blackberries, and pear-apples. The beds of everlasting flowers are simply marvelous. When plucked, they do not fade and die. He gave me four last year, and now they are just as he picked them from their stems. The milliners of Paris have sent in an order for six million of these creamy white starry things.

For how good everything seems.

You would like to be near Mr. Burbank every moment, and hear him explain. How can it be that this sweet, blessed garden is in the same world with blasted and seared fields of war?

Adieu to Mr. Burbank. We looked at our watches, when lo! we saw that he had given us, just we three, a little more than two hours of his precious time, an unheard of thing. Two hours in this blessed paradise.

The scenes changes. We drove through the streets of once beautiful Santa Rosa. Every brick building in the city was low on the ground The earthquake was far more intense here than in San Francisco. From rose beds to troubled ruins in five minutes. Stop, think about this; what does it mean; what is it all for? Is there any clew to this awful mystery? Everlasting flowers half a mile from terrific ruins and rents in the earth! For mystery deepens as life goes on towards its close.

Charmian drove like a fury homeward bound. Jack and I talked with a speed of 290 words per minute. That is, she drove dreadfully and nothing could stop her until she saw a load of watermelons. They bought enough to fill the buggy. Then she would stop every mile to take photographs. For how could it be that on my way home from the congress I should get into two labyrinths, one of words, one of flowers? Nothing seemed to be natural again until I entered the observatory, opened the dome, turned the telescope on the Galaxy and saw 40,000 suns in the field of view all at once.

LOWE OBSERVATORY, Cal., Oct. 2, 1906.

The Law of Rhythmic Breath.

By ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CIRCULATION OF PRANA IN OUR BODIES.

The readers whose interest in the study of our life-forces has led them to follow me thus far, now know what that atmosphere of psychic ether is in which, as even modern science has at last recognized, we dwell. We are now to study the circulation of this ether—the terrestrial *Prana*—as it enters the body and passes from one vital center to another; working with such marvelous intelligence and system that its component corpuscles and "ions" may well be said to be endowed with thought.

The philosophy of the *Tattvic* Law of the Universe is beautiful in its simplicity when fully understood, and the student grasps the subtle relations of cause and effect and holds in his mind's eye a soul-uplifting picture of the whole cosmos. But this cannot be gained without personal effort, for the law presents at the outset some facts so opposed to the accepted order of things that it seems im-

possible to explain the theory in words so convincingly simple as to be comprehended by all readers. It is the truth of being which the *Tattvic* Law discloses, but to understand these truths and reap the full benefit of the knowledge, you must weigh them with unprejudiced minds.

Think for a moment how profoundly the authority of the senses must have been shaken when the first microscope revealed to man the heretofore invisible world in touch with him everywhere, teeming with undreamed-of activities, governed by the same laws as the visible realm, and similar but infinitely finer forces than those he already knew and had weighed and classified! When the microscope opened the first gate into the invisible kingdom which surrounds us, it disclosed also the short-comings, or limitations, of the physical senses; and, with many other marvelous instruments since invented which penetrate and weigh and measure the unseen, the experience should warn us never to deny any new thing because our senses have hitherto failed to cognize it.

Unfortunately, most people face a novel proposition with all the antagonism of previously accepted theories arrayed against it. But you must now cast any prejudices you may have behind you and prepare with inquiring mind to understand the only logical and scientific explanation which has ever been conceived of that most wonderful mechanism, the human body. It is a conception which makes natural—brings into the realm of reality—what has heretofore been considered supernatural, when not dismissed contemptuously as "mere superstition;" and lifts the veil from the mysterious relations which connect the human being with the whole solar system, and make the physical instrument a sensitive harp played upon by myriads of vibrating waves.

Tantrik philosophy studies and analyzes the circulation of *Prana* in the human body from the moment that its two currents—positive and negative—establish their northern and southern centers of influence in the embryo; the northern, or positive, focus becoming the brain center; and the southern, or negative, the heart. The interaction of these two currents working from center to center, back and forth in rhythm with the Great Breath of the universe, guided, directed, and restrained by the *Tattvic* vibrations emanating from every center of force in the starry firmament, gradually builds up the marvelous nervous and vascular systems connecting these two centers of life, and ramifying thence throughout the human entity till the living temple is made ready for the in-dwelling soul!

Thus, as related to each other, the nervous system is positive and the blood system negative; but the diurnal rotation of our earth affects our bodies as it is itself affected, and gives rise to other currents which divide these systems into east and west, or positive and negative halves. The right side of the body corresponds to the east, and is under positive influence; and the left side to the west, and is negatively affected. Then the correlative influence of all these currents develops in each center—the brain and the heart—a further division into upper and lower chambers. In the northern center we know the upper, or positive, division as the cerebrum (always recognized in physiology as the dominant part of the brain), and the lower, or negative, as the cerebellum. In the heart, we can identify the auricles as the negative, and the ventricles as the positive divisions. Notice that in both centers the positive divisions are nearest the poles of these centers; thus, the lower chambers of the southern center are positive, and the upper part of the brain; that is, the hemispheres of the cerebrum. Put yourself in imagination within your egg-shaped aura and this will be clear to you.

The eastern and western currents of *Prana* make for themselves two main channels called respectively *Pingala* (the positive) and *Ida* (Ee-dah—the negative), which run down the length of the spine forming the trunks of the great sympathetic system. The spinal canal is the *Sushumna*, the conjunction of the two currents where the *Prana* changes from side to side. There is also a cardiac *Sushumna* midway between the right and

left lobes of the heart. To all these conduits of force—nerves, arteries, and veins —the Tantrists give the name "*Nadi,*" and for the sake of its simplicity we will retain it. The three *Nadis* above mentioned are the most important in the body being the great main reservoirs and conduits of life-force.

Radiating from the *Ida* and the *Pingala* are fifty principle *Nadis,* and these branch into hundreds and other hundreds till 10,100 branch *Nadis* are reckoned; and through the ramification of these into thousands of "twigs," the *Nadis* of the third degree become so minute as to be visible only under the microscope; and the total number is reckoned as 727,210,201 *Nadis.* Wherever this vast net-work of nerves spreads throughout the body there are blood vessels running side by side proceeding from the *Nadis* of the heart.

Thus, you see, the real force of life dwells in the nervous system, which receives the positive solar current of *Prana;* while the blood vessels receive through the nerves the negative lunar current. The one, therefore, represents the sun, and the other the moon; but these two phases of life-sustaining matter are merely different conditions or states of the same substance,—*Prana,* the solar matter; and its manifestations in the body are an exact expression of the terrestrial *Prana* as is that of its solar source.

I shall also use the Tantrik term *Chakra*—signifying a disc or circle—in describing the pairs of sensory and motor nerves branching from the spinal cord. These thirty-one *Chakras* of the spine are brought into existence by the thirty-one sunrises in a zodiacal sign, and the Tantrists recognize a like number of *Chakras* in the heart which correspond with the sunsets. Animating and inspiring the "thousand-petalled lotus" of the brain are twelve pair of nerves which correspond with the signs of the Zodiac in their positive phase; and, likewise, from the "four-petalled lotus" of the heart proceed twelve *Nadis*—conduits of blood —which reflect the negative aspects of the zodical signs (these can be identified in any good illustration of the heart).

Thus the microcosm mirrors in itself the macrocosm, and every *Nadi* and *Chakra* therein is connected with the greater sphere by invisible lines of a power and influence that human intellect has never yet weighed nor measured. Although there have come down through the ages hints of these mysterious relations which would not be silenced, modern thought has brushed them aside contemptuously as rank superstition. Ere long all the text-books will have to be re-written.

The sympathetic cords—the *Pingala* and the *Ida*—consist of chains of ganglia which are centers of *Tattvic* influence,— the *Padmas* or lotuses of the Tantras. These *Tattvic* centers are of five sorts, taking the form of the prevalent *Tattva.* Thus the *Prithivi* centers are quadrangular; the *Apas,* semi-lunar; *Tejas,* triangular; *Vayu,* spherical; and *Akasha,* circular; and *Tattvic* permutations form composite ganglia. It is of interest to record here that five distinct types of cells in the spinal ganglia of our friend, the dog, are known to anatomists, every one of which could probably be identified with the *Tattvic* force therein manifested. Although the record of the human neurons is incomplete, it has been noticed that the spherical germinal cells, "partly for reasons at present not clear, later assume, in different regions, *very different shapes.*" The significance of this change of form, however, seems never to have been surmised by the anatomists.

In Standard dictionary, under the word "Perineurium," an interesting illustration can be seen of a cross-section of a nerve. There are *five* coils of wire-like fibres grouped together in the general sheath. They vary greatly in size, and every coil has its own insulating sheath, preserving to every *Tattva* its inviolate line, though all run over the same wire, or nerve. Presumably, the sizes of the coils vary according to the dominance of the *Tattvas.*

The *Padmas* of the sympathetic cord are closely connected with all the thirty-one *Chakras* of the spine. Those of the *Pingala* are, of course, positively electrified, and they owe allegiance to the brain; and those of the *Ida* are negative and owe allegiance to the heart.

The movement of *Prana* through the nervous system corresponds with the course of the sun through the signs of the zodiac and with terrestrial rotation. As the sun passes from one sign to another, the *Prana* moves to the corresponding *Nadi* of the brain. At sunrise, the rays of this localized *Prana* descend every day to the spinal *Chakra* on the *Pingala* side corresponding with the position of the sun in the zodiacal sign. Thus, every *Chakra* in turn, day by day, is the microcosmic correspondence with the ecliptical *Prana* of the macrocosm; and from it the *Prana* streams along the nerves of the right side, gradually entering the arteries and veins.

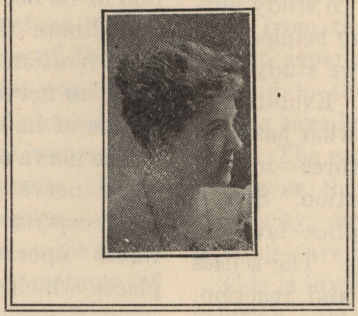
Always, under normal conditions, *Prana* is stronger till noon in the nerve than in the blood *Chakras*. At mid-day these two great life-distributing systems of the body are equally balanced; and this perfect equilibrium fits the individual for the fullest expression of his physical and mental powers. He is in the enjoyment of the noon-day of his strength. It is most unscientific and a brutal imposition upon the stomach to load it up at this time, when the day's labor is but half-done, with a hearty meal of foods difficult to digest. It is a flagrant waste of both strength and food. Only a light luncheon of easily digested foods should be taken. Especially for all sedentary workers this rule should be made a hard and fast one.

From noon on the blood is the great absorber, and at sunset the solar *Prana* has passed entirely into the *Nadis* of the blood. The impact of these positive vibrations has beaten upon the *Tattvic* cords of the various sensuous and active organs until they are weary and have lost the power of sympathetic response to external stimuli. Therefore, the fatigue and lassitude commonly felt as night approaches are perfectly normal, and are Natures' warning signals to halt, the hour for rest has come. After sundown, the heart—the negative southern center —gathers the *Prana* to itself, whence it spreads gradually into the left-side *Nadis* of the blood, and returns from them into the nerves. At midnight the two systems are again equalized in strength, but at sunrise, the *Prana* has passed into the nerves and is ready for the daily circuit, descending to the spinal *Chakra,* succeeding the one through which it streamed the previous day.

The moon, moving twelve times faster than the sun, is the source of minor lunar currents of *Prana* that move correspondingly faster than the solar current whose diurnal circuit we have just traced. These movements correspond with the movements of the sun and moon through the zodiacal signs; and their interaction is the immediate cause of the periodical changes of breath. Thus while the sun's rays are reflected in one *Chakra,* those of the moon pass through twelve odd *Chakras;* and the lunar current of *Prana* streams from the spine to the heart in a fraction less than an hour,—58 m. 4 s.— and returns in the same time. While it is passing from the spine to the right; that is, from the northern center to the east, the breath flows out of the right nostril and, as the *Shivagama* describes it, the right side of the body is the "full side."

When the *Prana* enters the cardiac canal, the heart *Sushumna,* the breath, for a few seconds, is imperceptible in the nostrils. As it leaves the heart from the left—that is, moving to the west— to return to the brain, the breath flows from the left nostril. And thus, hour by hour, or a duration of two and a half *Gharis* (1 Ghari equals 24 minutes), the solar and lunar currents alternate; and thus they would rotate, "forever and a day," in agreement with the unchanging laws of the universe, but for the disturbing factors of human will and emotions. But the freedom which has wrought so much evil is simply a power misused. It is even more powerful for good.

The periodicity of special wave vibrations which stamps upon every mind its bias, imparting its individuality, is established at the moment of birth by the *Pranic* current prevalent at the time. But never forget that we have the ability to overcome unfavorable vibrations, and the overcoming develops latent power as nothing else can. Self-conquest is the greatest achievement; and the self-conquest won by the light of the *Tattvic* Law is a process of uplifting development, a growth of soul-power, not of humiliating self-abasement.



"CREDULITY."

If fallacies come knocking at my door,
I'd rather feed, and shelter full a score,
Than hide behind the black portcullis, doubt,
And run the risk of barring one Truth out.

And if pretention for a time deceive,
And prove me one too ready to believe,
Far less my shame, than if by stubborn act,
I brand as lie, some great colossal fact.

On my soul's door the latchstring hangs outside;
Within, the lighted candle. Let me guide
Some errant follies on their wandering way,
Rather than Wisdom give no welcoming ray.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Written for THE NAUTILUS.

The Nervous System of Jesus.

By Salvarona.

Chapter 1.

Nothing can be spiritually *evolved* that is not first *involved.* To study ourselves as spiritually *evolving* beings, it is first of all necessary that we study ourselves as *involving* beings. Evolution—spiritual—is a *reaction* on what has been involved. Nervous structures—in *one* sense—are organs of involution. Spiritual evolution always implies laws of mental action and reaction. The senses are organs of involution, and reaction.

There can be no Christian mental reaction—on a sense thought, an emotional force, or a class of nervous energies to *help* any individual—without there exist, first of all, and, as its primary condition, an underlying capability for *higher* (mental, emotional and nervous) action and reaction in the individual.

And this fundamental law of action and mental reaction in the soul—in its turn—is impossible unless we admit some form of transcendental soul-substance capable of reacting to higher ideals; as the primary *condition* of the Soul's Evolution.

The aim of Christian suggestion is to give the emotional and nervous forces—so far as the body is concerned—a healthy, normal, *upward* evolutionary trend. When even the nervous forces are not *psychologically* controlled they act in an irrational way; and with greater intensity. Thus, the nervous forces move with a greater irrational intensity in a chicken with its head just cut off, than in a chicken whose wing or leg has been badly injured. *Why?* Do not smile. Because the nervous forces of the chicken cannot change their mode of motion unless acted upon by a superior power. But, cutting off the chicken's head made it impossible for the chicken's (superior) psychological power to change the direction of its nervous motions, or to sensibly co-ordinate them. Hence, the chicken flops irrationally all over the backyard until its nervous forces subside into the inertia of its nerve cells and protoplasm.

The nerve organs of Christian thought—the nerve places in the body where the *receptive* acting motions of nervous forces operate—that is, those nerve places which always act receptively, or *involutionary,* whenever outside forces of Christian Suggestion (through air-waves of hearing or light waves of sight) act upon them—these nerve organs are all in the skin in the upper outside surfaces of the body. These nerve organs of *receptive motion*—and by the means of which the Christian Suggestion is first attracted to the sense organs of thought—these nerve organs are connected with the inside nerve cells by what are called the nerves of general and special sensibility—sensory or afferent nerves.

The first condition to Christian mental reaction, as an essential to evolution, is, therefore, that the senses of seeing, hearing and touch shall be in a state of *rapid receptive motion.* Otherwise, they could gather no suggestions from the outside for *higher* inside "faculties" to react upon.

Therefore, preceding the Christian mental reaction on any higher suggestion (as an essential to spiritual evolution) the following condition must first of all be complied with:

I. The Reaction of the Senses.

This means that (in order to receive the higher suggestion at all into the mind through either the eye or ear or touch) that a preliminary reaction of these nerv-

ous organs—of the eye, ear and touch—must be made on the light-waves essential to seeing; and the air and electric and heat waves essential to hearing and touch.

The action of the nerve organs of the senses of sight and hearing—of the person receiving the higher Christian suggestion—is, first of all, therefore, a *reactionary work—on* the forms of the elements of the light as light-waves; *on* the forms of the elements of air and electricity as sound and electric waves; and *on* the forms of the elements of the ether and heat—as touch waves.

The nervous organs of the senses therefore *do work* through the motions of their nervous forces.

The reactionary work of the motions of the nervous forces (moving in the nerve organs of the eye and ear) is therefore *a work done* by these nervous forces *upon* light-waves, air and electric waves, in changing the *motions* of these outside forces of light, air, electricity, from their straight lines of motion.

The work done is a work of reaction. And this work is done in our eyes and ears by the nervous motions of the nervous forces operating through the nervous machinery of our ears and eyes.

Therefore, the capability of the power of any Christian suggestion, so far as it is capable of helping another by the conveyance of thought through light, air, electricity or ether waves, absolutely depends on the *reactionary work* done (on these incoming motions and forces to the brain) by the constructive reactionary *work* of the motions of the nervous forces operating through the nerve sense organs of the individual. To bring a Christian suggestion to our minds therefore (through sight or hearing) we must first have some *means* by which we can attract the motions of the forces of light, air and electricity (by which we see and hear) to our bodies. As the light and air waves, through which we hear and see, move in straight lines, and would not come into our eyes and ears, unless our organs attracted them from their straight line motions, therefore:—

I. The eye is a nervous organ, the purpose of the motions and forces of whose molecules is to change the rays of light from their right lines of motion; and to separate the colors of light, according to the cones of the retina, after the rays have been attracted.

II. The ear may be defined similarly, so far as the straight line motions of electricity, or air waves—essential to hearing—are concerned.

This is involution; dynamic mental involution. Its first step. Nothing can be *evolved* that is not, by some means or the other, first *involved.*

I have not the time or space, here in these pages, to explain any of the principles of force and motion by which the compassionate absent suggestions of a Christian mental healer, or mental telepath, may operate according to the natural, mental laws of tactual involution. But, in order to understand the nervous system of Jesus, and the nervous systems of the persons whom he cured, it is necessary to patiently *study* the wonderful nerve-sense organs of his touch and other senses.

How the Minds of the Persons Cured by Jesus Acted Upon Their Own Bodies.

That the mind does and can act on the body, through a series of assistant and aiding classes of forces and motions, each species, series and class of which are capable of being scientifically generalized, systematized and verified, is the principle of abstract vital dynamics of force and motion upon which the cures by Christian therapeutic suggestion are based.

Stated in its popular unanalytical way, the general expression that the

mind can act on the body is a vague, defining-lacking, ignorant phrase; it conveys nothing scientifically definite or explanatory to the analytical understanding.

The problem of Christian therapeutic suggestion is the problem of concentrated compassionate thought *versus* force and motion.

Obviously, in order for a cancer to disappear, there must be a displacement; a redirecting motion; a change of position of the molecules—of which the cancer is formed. Therefore, certain *forces* (in order to make these molecules disappear) must act—*as the servants of thought*—on these molecules and dissipate their energy, change their positions, displace their forms, in order to remove the cancer. And these forces and motions, which do the work of displacing and removing these cancerous molecules, all exist in a nascent state ready to do the work at the suggestion of thought, *within the body of the patient.*

And the name of these forces I call the conserved mental, emotional and nervous energies, and which are capable of doing work *on* the body from *within* the body.

Let us examine the facts of the cure of the sick of the Palsy. Mark II: 3-12. Now, Palsy, or Paralysis is the loss of the power of muscular action. This loss is due to an interruption of some line of nerve fibres which convey the motor motions of the locomotive nervous forces from some group of nerve cells to the muscles. That is, the sort of palsy was that of a paralysis of the lower limbs, as the man had to be carried. The man's power of muscular action was temporarily gone, because, owing to an interruption on a line of nerve fibers, the motor, locomotive motions of his nervous forces, could not be conducted—through his voluntary system—below the point of nerve interruption.

But, in the rest of the man's body was an inexhaustible fund of nervous force to draw on. The laws of the conservation of mental and nervous energy were banking these forces in the upper part of his body, nearer and nearer his brain.

If Jesus, through the eye or ear of man, could bring an extraordinary stimulus to bear, through the man's brain, on these conserved mental and nervous energies, then the powerful *reaction* of these forces would cause the nervous current to normally adjust itself, and the man's muscular movement would return.

Let us follow these *reactions,* in the man sick with the palsy, in their order.

Let us notice first the reaction of the *senses* of the palsied man, and what was implied in such a reaction of the man's senses, in relation to, and as a preliminary condition, to his cure.

For, *preceding* the action and reaction of the forces of the man's own conserved mental, emotional and nervous forces, which, acting on the suggestion of Jesus, were the means of the sick man's cure, it was first necessary that there should be some *means* (*in* the sick man) through which the suggestion could be *received* in the first place into his mind, in order that the curative reaction could occur.

Now, other things equal, the difference between the advanced Theistic evolutionary view—of spiritual evolution—as held by the more advanced thinkers among the New Thoughters, and the view of the disciples of Mary Baker Eddy, is this. And, it is necessary to dwell for a moment, as an aside, on the point of *this* difference, before proceeding farther, in order to explain the cure.

In a general way, the advanced New Thoughter regards the senses as preliminary organs of *involution,* the acts of the senses being involving acts. The eye first takes in, or involves light waves; and the ear air waves—*with spiritual words*—in order that these spiritual

words may be subsequently evolved. For no thought can be spiritually evolved, that is not first of all *involved.* The senses, in this then, as the means of *taking in* the raw material for spiritual and mental evolution, are to be regarded as organs of preliminary *evolution,* without the existence of which spiritual evolution could not occur. For, having no means of *taking in* any spiritual thought, the soul could never *evolve* it. That spiritual involution is *telepathically* a fact goes without saying. But that is not the point at present. The man sick with the palsy was not treated in an *absent* way—as others were.

As contrasted with this view of the advanced New Thoughter, who at the same time is a Theistic evolutionist, the senses are *not* regarded as organs of preliminary spiritual *involution* at all, by Mary Baker Eddy. The 700 pages of "Science and Health" are full of scorn, invective, declamation and tirade against the senses. The senses of man serve no proximate theistic purpose in the *spiritual* evolution of man, but are simply to be regarded as vile products of man's "*mortal mind.*" Thus, it was necessary —absolutely necessary—seeing that I am dealing with the "Nervous System of Jesus" in its relation to the senses, and the nerve organs of the senses, to point out this difference, in order that the reader may the better comprehend the axiom, that self-help comes through self-knowledge. And that our spiritual (*involutionary*) organs, being *a part* of the self, therefore self-help comes through a knowledge of these *sense* laws of the self, as well as through a knowledge of *other* laws of the self. *I have come to restore the balance of things,* to render unto the senses the things that are the senses, and unto God, the things that are God's. Let us, therefore, return to our subject of the cure of the man sick of the palsy. Some 500 words back I asked the question, as to what was implied in this *involutionary* reaction of the sick man's seeing and hearing, as a preliminary condition to the sick man's cure? Unconscious to the sick man himself, as soon as Jesus came within hearing and seeing distance, the preliminary suggestions of his cure were, first of all, *involved* by the sick man's eyes and ears, which (as organs for the *involution* of air waves and light waves) took into his brain, certain rays of light reflected from the body of Jesus, and certain air waves set in motion by the voice of Jesus.

Other things equal, the man's cure depended on the man's own capacity to take in, or *involve,* the suggestion, essential to his cure. For, before the suggestion of Jesus could do the man any good, the man's own senses (of evolution) must prove themselves *capable* of helping the man to *receive* the suggestion. To cure the man was to assist in the work of the man's *evolution.* But, some nervous organs of this sense must have possessed the capacity of first *involving,* blending with, joining the man's mind—the image of the spiritual. Thought-suggestion of Jesus in order to bring about the mental, emotional and nervous reactions of his sub-conscious self, essential to the man's evolution and cure. No spiritual suggestion of evolution or mental cure can ever be *evolved* into a part of the self that is not first capable of being, sub-consciously or consciously, *involved* into the self. Sub-conscious involution, as the law of absent mental treatments will be treated of elsewhere. But for ideal suggestion through mental photography to be proven satisfactorily to the world as a *law* must be shown clearly in what way and ways the mental cameras work. Ideal suggestion is evolutionary suggestion, and bodily evolution from sickness to health is an *upward change* in the molecular and chemical conditions of the *body.* But,

in order for this upward change to occur, a system of mental and nervous organs must first exist within the body itself, possessing the power of involving the forms, substances and images, capable of assisting to bring about the upward *evolutionary* change. Therefore, there was a reciprocal relation existing between the involution of light rays by the eye of the man sick with the palsy) and the chemical photographic action of the light on his eye, by the means of which the form or figure of Jesus was reproduced in miniature on the sick man's retina.

So that, if the man had, at that moment, passed out and his eyes been taken from their sockets and dipped in alum, the miniature figure of Jesus could have been seen *fixed* in the eyes of the man.

(Continued in December Nautilus.)

SOMETHING ABOUT INVENTORS.

By One of Them.

An inventor is a man of confidence; he has faith in his own Divine powers. He has no fences around his possibilities. He is vibrant with the spirit of I CAN, and every enlightened soul knows that nothing can stand before a determined mind.

By ceaseless concentration on the thing desired his mind conceives new ideas. Many of them may be of themselves valueless, as far as their feasibility is concerned; but by no means valueless to him, for often the impracticable machine of his mind's creation is the necessary step to start him in the right direction. So often does this occur that it is safe to say that the pathway leading to successful inventions is composed of the refuse of unsuccessful attempts.

Patience, too, is one of the Divine attributes of a real inventor. He knows that the world was not made in a minute. One inventor of my acquaintance has worked steadily for three years upon one problem; another has worked ceaselessly for over forty years. Both have worked in the Spirit of confidence, and both will shortly startle the world with the fruits of their labor.

Do you wish that you were an inventor?

If you do, it is a good sign, for remember, dear one, you can be an inventor and a creator of the beautiful just as well as the greatest. You are a child of the Divine and your dormant powers are in keeping with the Source of all things—LIMITLESS.

An understanding of the intricacies of mechanical and electrical design may never be yours, but never mind, those things belong to the world of materiality. You can be a creator in the Soul Realm, the grandest realm known to man!

Create with your own mind a condition of being far nobler, wiser, purer, yea,—something away ahead of your present condition of body, mind and soul; then with your will power bestir the elements, and drive onward and Upward until the ideal of your soul's creation finds expression in a beautiful character.

All can be inventors! Be confident; be patient; aim high and nothing can stop you!—WILLIAM B. CONNOLLY.

(This is a fine, independent, big, blond boy of twenty-one or so, who used to live in Holyoke, and is now connected with one of the great electric companies, at Schenectady. He will make his mark, or I miss my guess. Send him your Good Will you help along, friends, as he sends you his.—E. T.

See our Prospectus for Vol. IX on Page 56.

A Meditation On Supply.

God is not only the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," but He is is THE GIFT ITSELF. He is the ALL and in ALL. Hence, He is in me and the ALL of me. He is the ONLY true and never-failing supply. I will fear no evil—no lack—for He is ever with me. "Nearer is He than breathing, closer than hands or feet."

I am in direct connection with the source of my supply. I shall always be. And because this is true I am confident that poverty can never touch me. I reach out, as the tree does, into the infinite abundance and draw with the compelling root of my desire all that I need. I shall always be able to do this. I draw intelligence, energy, industry, health, fearlessness, love, cheerfulness and joy. These are the qualities which I may transmute into supply, as the ever-present wisdom within me directs. WHATEVER I NEED IS MINE NOW.

My life flows softly, tranquilly, from the unseen fountain of Abundance. I am resolved not to hinder it by my lack of faith and obedience.

I succeed in THIS day's work, for Thou art with me.

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

Written for THE NAUTILUS.

"Coming Down With"—

MARGARET MESSENGER.

The young man appeared to be suffering greatly. He had returned to his mother's house from a long trip with the glad expectation of being put to bed, dosed, coddled and profusely sympathized with. His mother had just come in from picking wild strawberries and met him at the door.

"Oh, mother, I'm awfully sick," he cried, throwing himself onto a couch. "I thought I never should get home."

"You look a little seedy, I must confess," his companion replied, "but you are no more *sick* than I am. Go up stairs and take a bath; I'll get you out some clean clothes, and then we'll have lunch, —going to have griddle cakes, buttermilk cakes, Billy, the kind you're always after."

"Why, mother, you are crazy," said the boy. "I haven't eaten anything for two days."

"All the more reason you should eat now," was the laughing reply.

"But griddle cakes?"

"Tender," was the tentative reply. "Run up stairs now and wash and be clean. Afterwards griddle cakes and the finest maple syrup you ever tasted."

"But, mother, I've got pains in my head and awful ones in my back," Billy protested, "and some of the boys who went out with me are coming down with typhoid fever."

'And you have been scared into believing that you had it," was the smiling accusation. "It's all in your eye, Billy. You see things that don't exist and feel things that are not there. Say, Billy, let me ask you a question. Did all the boys who are now sick dislike their jobs as much as you did?"

"Oh, yes, mother, and they had good reason. Those men did not keep a single promise they made us." Billy was waxing eloquent now and some good, honest color came into his cheeks. "Truly, mother, I did not want to give up and sneak home like a coward, but when a feller's"—

"All worked up in his mind," his companion interrupted, "home is a very good place for him. All that is the matter with you, my son, and the rest of the boys also, is the sense of imposition constantly nursed. That will put a physical giant to bed. You haven't got to go back, you know, Billy. For the present we will enjoy the sunshine and the ocean and every good thing, including buttermilk cakes. Now run up and make yourself presentable."

Billy did and Billy ate the cakes and Billy walked down to the sounding sea where upon the shingle his friends were gathered deploring the fact of poor Billy's "coming down with typhoid fever."

Mother had not preached nor given her son any special directions but she had stated what to her was the truth and so gloriously potent is the truth that it had entered Billy's consciousness with such force as to change him utterly. He did not know why but everything seemed different and looked different.

Billy was transformed by the renewing of his mind, and if he had been beguiled a little by the mention of buttermilk cakes, it was all in the beautiful plan of comfort. Oh, comfort, comfort, why will not people be more comfortable?

Dear, friendly readers, be careful that you get hold of this subject in the proper way. Please do not set me down as recommending buttermilk griddle cakes

for people who believe themselves in the clutches of typhoid fever or any other disease. But I tell you right here that there is nothing in the universe except the Divine Mind, and the coming down into sickness or the coming up out of it has no place there to carry on its vagaries. Billy had no cognizance of his divine dwelling until his mother assured him that he was at home, assured him of Love. She knew that God was his supply and that there was no reason why he should work for a tyrant. In less than a minute Billy knew it also and when, after the easy lunch of buttermilk cakes, mother and son strolled along the beach, the little colony to whom the typhoid news had been wafted was much astonished. Some of them had seen Billy a short time previous shambling on toward home and this picture and that did not seem very close of kin.

"Billy got a little twisted, that's all," said his mother, "but, you see," she added, "the right thought will knock anything out"—

"Reinforced by buttermilk cakes," interrupted Billy, with a happy laugh.

You see, Billy's mother *knew* where she spoke. She knew that there was just one mind in the universe and in that mind there was no typhoid, no, nothing but Life, Truth and Love. She knew that this divine Love shed abroad in her own heart was as potent for her son as for herself.

Now, what this woman *knew* some other people equally loving and equally desirous of happiness themselves and of diffusing happiness do not know. The understanding of truth gives wisdom. An intellectual understanding is better than none because it must eventually lead to the larger one, but knowledge—intellectual—per se, never did nor never will perform a case of Christ healing.

Now, Billy's was a genuine case of Christ healing, buttermilk cakes and all, and it was instantaneous also. The absence of ceremony and the usual formalities of treatment in the process may have a tendency to lessen its value with some; and the suggestion of buttermilk cakes in the mother's healing welcome of her boy, to discredit it altogether. But what could be more simple than the work performed by Jesus Christ? He knew that his Father was All and that sickness and death were errors which he was here to disannul. The methods of his healing were adapted to the condition of his patients. So was the healing of Billy's mother. She knew what to do and did it. There is no gainsaying the omnipotence of Love.

Doubt and buttermilk cakes would not make a very good traveling team in a case of alleged typhoid or any other disease. Doubt picks and chooses, consults the proteid and nitrogenous authorities and usually is no better satisfied with what it selects as an article of invalid diet than it would have been with buttermilk cakes or some other appetizing dish.

Fear is a desperate old tyrant and there is not very much comfort in life until the "perfect love," which is divinely guaranteed to cast out the meddlesome nobody, begins to illumine the nature. Then it is revealed that one kind of food is as good as another provided it is desired. Perfect love says, "Relieve the mind and everything else will fall into harmonious line." Billy's mind was emptied of its forebodings and the good cheer of home made an atmosphere which was immediately curative.

"That is all very well," someone may say, "but every Billy hasn't a mother who is in a position to relieve his mind."

But every Billy has a God, and this God power is what was so efficacious in Billy's case. The mother who has love enough in her life can do this work as well as Billy's mother. Divine love is full of discernment and she knew that Billy need not and should not work for a tyrant. A mother may profess science but if she insists upon an uncongenial occupation for her boy because she has no faith in his finding a suitable one and the money must not be risked, then it will be just as well if she does not mention buttermilk cakes when somebody claims to be "coming down" with something.

Scientific Physiology.

WALLACE D. WATTLES.

CHAPTER 1.

(Continued.)

Most muscle workers would be stronger, healthier and longer-lived on one-half, and most brain workers on one-tenth of the food they now consume.

Since Dr. Dewey's books were published some hundreds of thousands of people have adopted the no-breakfast plan, going entirely without food until noon; and nearly all of them have found, to their astonishment, that they were stronger, brighter and had more work-power without the breakfast than with it. And the exceptions are nearly always those who cannot grasp the idea that the possession of strength does not depend on keeping the stomach full.

This is the philosophy of the no-breakfast plan; you awake with the brain fully charged with work-power, and your blood contains the tissue elements of the previous days' food; you are, therefore, in the best possible condition for work. Why should you eat? It takes power to run the stomach; why not save the power for your other work? You are not really hungry; there is no such thing as a normal hunger on arising in the morning, in a person who has been sufficiently fed on the previous day. Your morning appetite is a matter of habit; of mental attitude. You eat because you are afraid you will get faint later in the day; or you tickle your palate with sweet foods until you arouse a taste for more; but you never eat breakfast because you are genuinely hungry.

If you do not believe all this, put it to the best possible test; try it on yourself. Get up and go to work without eating; and if you are in anything approaching a normal condition you will find that you are in better condition for mental or physical labor with an empty stomach than with a full one. Mind, though, much depends upon your mental attitude; remember that many people who believe in the old physiology have starved to death in ten days, while others, better taught, have fasted forty days without much discomfort. If you *expect* that because your stomach is empty you will have a fainting fit about ten o'clock, the fainting fit will probably come; you will get just about what you look for. On the other hand, if you put the thought of food resolutely aside, and go to your work without fear of any disagreeable consequences you will have a forenoon of such mental cheer, and of such physical vigor as you have seldom experienced; but you will not feel so well after your noon meal.

Why? Because you will overeat; you will mistakenly suppose that because you have done without breakfast you must eat enough, and more than enough at noon to make up the deficiency; and during the afternoon so much of your brain's energy will be required at the stomach that you will have very little left for mental or physical work. This ought to convince you that your stomach is a machine which absorbs energy, instead of being a generator for producing it. The object in dispensing with the breakfast is not to increase the quantity consumed at noon but to prevent the waste of energy in the disposition of unnecessary food. If you want to be strong, and full of snap and vigor, drop your breakfast entirely, leave off half your noon meal and two-thirds of your evening one. Eat just enough to maintain your weight; not a mouthful more. If you can hold your weight on one cracker a day, and you eat two crackers, the dis-

posal of the superfluous one will be a waste of your life force; it will weaken you by just the amount of power required to dispose of it, and if you overeat as a matter of habit the surplus will be a source of danger, disease and premature death.

You don't believe it, do you? Well, it won't cost you a cent to prove it.

If you want to have strength for your work, whether mental or physical, get eight hours of sleep every night in a well-ventilated room; eat plain, hearty food, and the smallest quantity which will maintain your weight. If it takes power to run the stomach it is foolish to keep it in operation more than is actually necessary. "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep," said St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians about overeating at the Lord's supper. Wise St. Paul!

Most of the dietary conclusions of the pseudo science of medicine are based on false premises, and are therefore erroneous; and the recovery of most of the sick is greatly hindered by feeding, dosing, and other interference.

Most physicians accept the theory that we can add to the strength of a sick man by inducing him to swallow food; when the fact is that every mouthful is a tax on his strength, and decreases his power of resistance. It takes power to run the stomach. In every case of severe sickness Nature takes away the appetite, because there is no power to spare for the digestive process; she wishes to conserve her energy for combat with the disease. In severe sickness Nature's way is to suspend digestion and let the brain live on the tissues of the body, which can be spared. That is why a sick man loses in weight. If you feed him, and he still loses, it is proof positive that the food is not assimilated; if it *were* assimilated there could be no loss in weight. And if you continue to feed under such conditions you may be absolutely certain that you are loading up his system with waste matter which must be eliminated at a fearful cost in vital power. You may lay it down as a general law which is amply proven in practice, that in the absence of appetite the patient who is fed will lose weight and strength more rapidly than the one who is not fed. When the desire for food is absent, and the tongue is heavily coated, it should be interpreted to mean: "Busy; nothing wanted within." It is homicidal folly to feed under such conditions; the food decays in the alimentary canal, and generates poisons which are dangerous to life. No matter what the books say, it is foolish to feed the sick man whose breath tells in unmistakable language that his digestive tract is already filled with rotting filth. The sick horse will not eat; and it is to be hoped that sick men, women and children will some day be allowed by their physicians and friends to exercise horse sense. Nature would have the severely sick man sleep much, and not eat at all; *we* try to induce him to eat all he can, and we wake him every few minutes to force into his protesting stomach some nauseous or poisonous compound of drugs. Nine-tenths of our interference with the sick has no scientific justification, and is injurious to them. Put the sick man into a well-ventilated room; make him as comfortable as possible; shut out the neighbors, the family, the preacher—everybody but the nurse, and possibly the doctor; in most cases leave the doctor out, too. It would be a great deal better if two-thirds of the doctors had to resort to some other means of making a living; the other third could easily take care of all the cases where they are really needed. Give nature a chance with your sick one; and if he dies you may at least feel sure that you did not help to kill him.

The stomach is a machine which uses up power, and it is operated by power supplied from the brain, which is charged during sleep. Remember this physiological fact, and regulate your life accordingly; get sleep enough, and get it under favorable conditions, and eat less.

ADELE

Prayer and Arithmetic.

A Serial Story By Eleanor Kirk.

PREFACE.

The wide-spread belief that boys are naturally endowed with more mathematical ability than girls has been a sorrowful stumbling-block to many honest students.

To protest in the name of Truth against this fallacy, as well as to show the helpfulness of prayer, even though the prayer is not answered according to the letter of the appeal, is the object of this endeavor.

So, to the girls all over the world who think because they are not boys, or for any other reason, that they cannot do their sums, this little book is lovingly and hopefully dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER II.

TWO PENITENTS.

Adele's father was indeed very sorry for his little girl but he could see no way to help her. Evening after evening he had been her faithful teacher but seemingly all his pains had gone for naught. Quick and even brilliant in everything else, in arithmetic, as Tom said, "She was a perfect gump."

"Why, papa, Dellie doesn't know the difference between a decimal point and a period. Once she said to me when I was trying to show her about a sum, 'Of course I know what a decimal point is. It is where you have to drop your voice.'" This was the morning after Adele's crucial experience.

"Now Tom," said his companion, "that is going a little too far. Adele is mathematically stupid but not to that extent. You are a young rascal—that's what you are; and how about your grammar?"

"Oh! grammar doesn't count. Boys learn grammar hearing other people talk. I don't believe you could find a dozen business men in this city who remember anything about preterites and infinitives and all that sort of bosh. Let me examine you, governor."

Mr. Merrill's endeavor to look shocked was a smiling failure.

"I wonder what kind of an appearance I should have made in society had I given my father the impertinent provocation you have just given me," he asked. "I might barely have seen out of my eyes but I should have been pretty lame, let me tell you," he added.

"The trouble was," Tom replied, "that you didn't bring your father up right. I've spent time on your education."

"And I've spent money on yours," said his father, "and sometimes I wonder if there will ever be any substantial returns."

"Dividends, father, dividends, handsome dividends on every dollar you have

invested in me,'' was the laughing response.

''I believe, yes, I know that you mean well, Tom,'' Mr. Merrill remarked thoughtfully; ''I am glad that we are such good comrades, and I do wish that I could get nearer to Adele. I don't see why she should stand in fear of me. Last night when she came in to ask me to help her about her problems she acted more like a mendicant than my little girl.''

''Perhaps she felt more like one,'' was the frank answer. ''Adele hates to ask favors. I don't believe there is a more independent girl in the world.''

''She was a very unhappy girl last evening,'' said Mr. Merrill, looking more uncomfortable than Tom ever remembered to have seen him.

''Hang it all,'' said the latter, ''I suppose I ought to have stayed in and helped her, but she is so dense it makes a fellow nervous. Once in a while she seems to have a glimmer, but the very next day she will be stumped by the same problems. Well, Dellie is awfully good to me. She has helped me out of many an English scrape.''

''And you would be stumped a day or two later just as Adele was in her arithmetic?'' said Mr. Merrill quizzically.

''Exactly,'' Tom replied, ''it is wonderful how keen you are. A case of pot calling the kettle black, and I never remember of Dellie's once reminding me of my color. Say, dad, I believe I feel rather nasty.''

''Then I have company in my affliction,'' was the facetious response.

''But why didn't you try and help her last night?'' Tom inquired. ''You were home.''

''I believed it to be a matter of principle and I can't say that I have had any reason to alter my mind,'' said her father. ''She might have caught on to enough to have helped her in her marks and perhaps to have assisted in promoting her, but it wouldn't have been her work. She would have known no more about the science of mathematics than she knows now.''

''And that's what she never will know,'' exclaimed Tom. ''Promotion?'' The boy gave a prolonged whistle. ''Why, if I had thought of that I would have done the sums for her and she could have copied them.''

''Tom!'' said his father sternly.

''Yes, sir,'' said Tom. ''Why, father, you don't know what it is to be pulled down in all your marks when you are letter perfect as Adele is in everything else. Where is Adele?''

''She left some time ago. She told your mother that she wanted to get a moment with one of her teachers. But Tom''—

''Yes, I know all about it, but don't worry. Dellie never would have copied my sums. She isn't built that way.''

''But you would have helped her in such a fashion?''

''It looks like it,'' said Tom.

''And if she had accepted your assistance?''

Tom stopped a moment to think, then said, ''Well, if she had I suppose, father, I should have lost my respect for her.''

''And how about yourself, my boy? You would have been the tempter.''

''To be honest with you I don't know but I am afraid the bulk of the blame would have been on me.'' Tom replied, his face reddening as he spoke.

''Thank you for telling me the truth,'' his companion remarked with a smile, and added, ''These things are well worth thinking of, my son.''

''I beg your pardon. I don't think so. They are very puzzling and apt to make a fellow feel cheap.''

A moment later and Tom was hurrying along toward school.

There was a little story that Mr. Merrill had very much wanted to tell his son, but something seemed to have restrained him. Was it a consciousness of the sa-

credness of the episode, or did it arise from the reticence which seems instinctive with men causing them to avoid emotional subjects in their conversations with each other?

The fact was that Mr. Merrill had heard his little daughter's prayer of the night previous and had been more moved be it than by anything that had ever before come into his life. - After thinking the matter over for a few moments he had followed the child upstairs with the intention of serving her in some manner if possible, for there was a prick in the manly conscience and an insufferable ache in the manly heart. He was about to knock for admittance when the sweet sobbing voice lifted in prayer restrained him. He listened till the last word was spoken and then stole down stairs again. To have entered the room after that would have been an intrusion. Then the dear child had committed her case to the Highest Authority and it was fair to both God and the little one that it should be worked out between them. But notwithstanding the truth of this reasoning Mr. Merrill had a sorry night of it. He did not even tell his wife, knowing that the mother's imagination would exaggerate the peril of the situation and that the night would be a sleepless and unprofitable one for them all.

(To be Continued.)

"ANOTHER LOVE STORY."
By V. B. W.

I was deeply impressed by some facts that were related to me by a friend, with whom I was stopping during a recent brief visit at Springfield, Ohio. She was speaking of the different charitable institutions there and particularly of the "Orphans' Home." During the day we had visited it, and had found much there to please and interest us. In talking about the government of so many children (there were one hundred and four there at that time), she told of an instance which shows what the basis is on which their discipline rests.

A girl of about fourteen years old was brought there. Her parents were dead and she had no friends who would give her a home. She was not a pretty girl, in fact, she looked ugly and proved to be so in the days that followed. Her name was Mary. The teachers soon found that the child had been sadly neglected. Her manners and language gave evidence to the fact that they were simply shocking. She was rude, coarse and vulgar, and, worst of all, she was demoralizing the school. They talked to her about her ways, but just could do nothing with her. Finally, in despair, sent her to the superintendent, Mr. L., kindly he reviewed her faults briefly, then told her what was expected of her and every scholar there. Suddenly changing the subject, he said, "We are but before doing this told him what a bad girl she was. She went to him, defiant and sullen. After receiving her to have a picnic soon, for the children," naming the day and place. "Wouldn't you like to go? They would have such a nice time together." She gave him a surly answer, but he took no notice and went on, "You must have a white dress and some new shoes and other things to wear. Tomorrow Mrs. L., you and I will go down to one of the big stores and get them. You may go now, Mary, for I have some business to see to." The next day they took her with them down to the city and fitted her out from head to foot. A pretty hat, white dress, underwear, shoes and stockings. She was very quiet all the way home.

Outwardly so but no one but the great loving Father knew how the depths of that child's heart were being stirred. On reaching there she threw her arms around them and burst into tears. "Why, Mary, what is the matter? Don't you like the things we got? Don't they suit you? Aren't they pretty enough?"

"Yes, Oh, yes," she said between her sobs.

"Well, then, what is wrong?"

"Oh, I've been so wicked, such a bad, bad girl. Oh, I will be good."

And the lady told me that ended the trouble. From that time on they could not ask for a better girl. She wore the new outfit to the picnic and, truly, looked nice. And her countenance was so changed. She was transformed simply by the power of kindness.

An Epoch in Human History! The Work of Judge Ben Lindsey.

By William E. Towne.

We notice that the "Kids Jedge," Ben B. Lindsey of Denver, is a candidate for governor of Colorado.

And this reminds us that the work of Judge Lindsey in the establishment of the Juvenile Court, really marks a great epoch in the history of human unfoldment.

It is not the personal work which Judge Lindsey has accomplished, great and beneficent as that has been, which impresses us the most, but the fact that he *has established an entirely new principle in criminal procedure as applied to children,* and demonstrated its correctness by practical application.

Under the old and time-honored system of dealing with those who have transgressed the law, whether the transgressor be a child or adult, the one feature made most prominent is that *he must be punished,* not for his *own* good, not always for the protection of society, but *because* he has disobeyed the law and must suffer the penalty. The old idea of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is brought home to the transgressor at every turn, and he is taught, presumably, *fear,* if not respect, for "the majesty of the law."

Now this system was only the natural outgrowth of centuries of belief in innate human depravity. It was as good a system as we knew how to devise. It served, to an extent, to bring order out of chaos, *but in numberless cases it manufactured criminals instead of reforming—re-forming—them.*

Especially was this true in the case of juvenile law-breakers. Let us see how this system works (for it is still in operation in most of our courts). A child with poor environment at home, or who is thrown into the company of lawless persons, young or old, is led into some misdemeanor without really meaning to do wrong. He is more thoughtless than bad. He is brought before the ordinary police court and made to *feel* that he is a criminal. He is made to *feel* that the law is an oppressor, that the judge and officers, its representatives, are his deadly enemies. His self-respect is taken away to a great extent and his antagonism aroused. Thus he drifts back to the court again and again until he becomes a hardened criminal. And the state is very largely responsible for the fact that he has become a criminal.

You and I and the people at large who stand back of the laws and customs of our country have been engaged in *manufacturing criminals* in a great many cases where we should have been reforming them. We didn't know any better.

But when the time was ripe, Judge Lindsey appeared upon the scene and established the principle that the law should be made the *friend* of the juvenile transgressor; that it should help him to help himself; that he should be taught to fear wrong doing for *his own sake,* and not because the cop might catch him. And always the "Kids Jedge" seeks to make his little men feel that the law is for *their good;* that it is established to help them, as well as for the good of society as a whole. And because the kids grow to *feel* that Judge Lindsey will surely give them a "square deal," they trust him and *respect the law which he represents.*

And by several years of practical ex-

perience in the application of his ideas in the Juvenile Court of Denver, Judge Lindsey has *proved* that this system *does* actually prevent the juvenile transgressors from becoming hardened criminals, and that it reforms and transforms them into good little citizens who will grow up to respect the laws of their state, instead of being filled with the spirit of bitterness and resentment, which comes from what they consider unjust treatment, and which leads to hardened criminality, they are growing into normal, healthy, self-respecting manhood.

Under Judge Lindsey's system the boy's point of view is always considered. He is carefully told *why* any penalty is imposed upon him, and taught that it is not for punishment that he is "sent up" to the reform school, but to help him to "be square" and make the most of himself. He is *trusted.* He is treated as if the Judge had the fullest confidence in his good intentions. He even takes himself to jail or the reform school. And during the time that Judge Lindsey's methods have been in operation in Denver, no boy has abused the confidence reposed in him by running away after the Judge had given him his commitment papers and started him for the reform school or jail.

The secret of the wonderful efficiency of this new system is that it makes the transgressor feel that the law is working *with* him and not against him.

Among the greatest benefits of the Juvenile Court is the system of school reports established in connection with it. When a boy has been brought before the court and released on probation, he is not left to take care of himself. The law becomes his helper. Every other Friday he gets a report from his teacher and on the following Saturday presents himself with the report at the Juvenile Court. If he has done well he is commended. Matters are "talked over" by the Judge with all who are present. If a boy has not done well, he is made to feel that he has not been "square" and that the court is sorry *for his sake* that he was weak, and believes that he will be stronger next time. If a succession of poor reports come from the same boy, then the Judge consults with him about the advisability of sending him to the reformatory, *always for the boy's own good,* mind you.

By this method, firmly and wisely employed, the child is led to feel and respect the law, and to see its justness and necessity, and likewise to believe that it is established for *his* good as well as the good of society.

As Judge Lindsey himself says: "The Juvenile Law says that its purpose is to treat the child not as a criminal but as needing aid, encouragement and assistance, and so the whole proceeding is as near as possible one of joy, and no boy is afraid—except to do wrong"—and then for his *own* sake as much as the fear of consequences. "Our aim," the Judge continues, "is to make each individual boy strong in his own character, to avoid the wrong and do the right, because it is right and best for him."

As an instance of the trust and confidence in the protection of the law which the Juvenile Court engenders, Judge Lindsey relates the following incident. "Johnny G., who works as bell boy at a private hotel, spilled some ink upon the floor. His employer deducted $10.00 from his pay. He had no money to employ a lawyer, and but for his confidence in the power of the Court, fear of losing his position would have sealed his lips. He came and told his troubles freely, and it will be settled fairly and justly and he will not lose his place."

Here is another great step in advance, which is due to this system. Owing to the manner in which the Court is con-

ducted, and its wide helpfulness to the boys, *there is no stigma or odium connected with appearance there.*

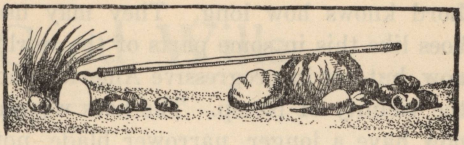
It is hard for court officials and all accustomed to the old regime to believe that this radical departure from accepted methods does not lead to undue leniency and chaos and crime. But the new methods have been *proved* successful. The Juvenile Court is no longer an experiment.

Can you not foresee somewhat of the immense benefits to the race which the universal establishment of Juvenile Courts might accomplish? After they had been in operation a few decades a great load of *fear* would be lifted from the race consciousness, and criminals would become fewer and fewer because they would be *re-formed* before they were fully developed as criminals.

And as the *spirit* of the Juvenile Court spreads in other directions—into the homes and schools of our nation—we shall be in a fair way to lay the foundation of a practical millenium.

NEW SAN FRANCISCO.
By Professor Edgar L. Larkin.

I am sending this note to Mrs. Towne, to the *Nautilus,* and through that to everybody anywhere. It is being written amid the ruins of San Francisco. But the debris is going. They lay railroads in the streets, back down long trains, fill the cars with brickbats, sand, limestone, granite, marble dust, cement, steel, iron, nails, bolts, wire and a hundred other things. It is a sight to see great cranes with steel ropes and pulleys lift immense bent and distorted beams and girders of steel, out of ruins and swing them to the cars. The rising city is a hive of industry; and wholesale merchants and retail in small, temporary places are doing an enormous business. But education, libraries and literary things are coming up out of the wastes. And good things beside. For Athens of old will be eclipsed by the vast new city by the Golden Gate.—Edgar L. Larkin.



Briefs.

By William E. Towne.

* * * My experience has demonstrated that there are times when the hoe is mightier than the pen. At least, the hoe possesses the stronger attraction for me between the first of May and the first of September. So I arranged with a celebrated artist to furnish an emblematic picture as a tribute to the hoe, a record of my prowess in its use, and a likeness of the vegetables of my toil.

* * * The artist has neglected to include in the picture a reproduction of the big yellow 20-lb. prize squash that I grew at Netop this summer. The seed from which this squash grew "planted itself," *i. e.,* it was mixed in with fertilizer used on the garden, and came up as a surprise to me, directly in the center of the garden. It thrived marvelously and sent out a thick, strong vine, which ran to the edge of the garden and up on the wire fence. One yellow blossom on that part of the vine which was on the fence became fertilized and developed into the 20-lb. squash. So strong was the vine, and so closely did its tendrils cling to the meshes of the fence, that even twenty pounds weight did not loosen their hold.

* * * You can separate the potatoes from the beets and carrots in this picture for yourself. I am frank to confess that its a little beyond my ability to do so.

* * * In fact, I think our artist is more of an artist than he is a farmer. Take his reproduction of a hoe, for instance. Did you ever see a hoe like this? I did once. But it had been handed down from previous generations for the

Lord knows how long. They may use hoes like this in some parts of the world now, but not in progressive America and the vicinity of Netop. The hoes we use now have a longer, narrower blade, not rounded so decidedly at the upper corners, and the blade "hangs in" more, like a Canadian woodchopper's axe. But artists have not kept up with the change of style in hoes, and they have gone on for the past hundred years, drawing the kind of hoes that our great great grandfathers used.

* * * And another thing that artists almost always do is to represent a man milking a cow while sitting on the wrong side of her. I venture to say that if an artist were to attempt to make the acquaintance of a cow by sitting down at her left side and beginning to milk her, he would arise a sorer and wiser man. Also his milk pail would quite likely have some dents in it.

* * * I think the time is coming when we will all want to go out into the country and take up land, if only as a pastime. Life in the open air is necessary to the highest degree of health. Civilization is largely a creator of hot house products. The men who won freedom and self-government for America in 1776 were not dwellers in steam heated flats; they did not wear silk hats and biled shirts. They were hardy, self-reliant, and withal a versatile set. This was largely due to the forced simplicity of their lives and the absence of "modern conveniences." I have a little account book which belonged to my great grandfather. From this and other sources I learn that he was a farmer, butcher, bed-cord manufacturer, and cobbler, besides being selectman and the bully of three regiments at training time. The balance of the strength and vitality of our nation today is to be found in the country, and especially in the west. Of what use are brains without a strong, sound body?

Shamrock Philosophy.

Original Commentaries on Time-Honored Sayings, by Patrick Muldoon; also some "Ould Sayin's lately made up by the Muldoons Thimsilves."

ISABEL GOODHUE.

"THREE GOOD MEALS A DAY IS BAD LIVING."

The hilthiest I iver was in me life was onct whin I was out of a job, an' we hed one war-rum male a day an wint around chewin' a raw carrot fer brickfust. Whin we got to falin' impty we filled up with wather; an' it's a good sayin' ate as little as ye kin an' yit kape falin' sthrong.

"AN EMPTY BAG CANNOT STAND UPRIGHT."

An' ye can't git a hungry man to falin' pious, an' a man wid an impty mind's goin to do fool acts, an its harrud to make a respictable mimber of the community av a man that's out iv a job, an' the longer he's out av a job the less aisy he finds it to schtand upright.

Sure if you want male bags or human crathers to make a good showin' help 'em to a good fillin' up.

"HE THAT SCATTERS THORNS SHOULDN'T GO BAREFOOT."

An' yit them's the kind that is possised wid a cravin' to walk tinder shod, an' the biggest howl of resintment comes from the man that's shtipped on one iv them very kind av thorns that he himsilf hez bin shlingin' around.

"A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH."

Faith, I think Poor Dick must hev been a little off whin he made up that wan, or it must hiv got printed hindside before by mischtake, fer any wan knows that everything is worth more livin' accordin' to its natur.

An ain't two birds in the bush a-singin' their purty songs worth more'n wan bird in the hand a-flutterin' its schwate life out fer fear?

A Legion of Good Wills.

WALTER DEVOE.

"Two and a half millions of children under fifteen years of age are now at exhausting work in the offices, shops, mills and mines of our model republic. In Pennsylvania alone there are at least one hundred different kinds of work at which children are employed, and, unhappily, it is into the cheap and dangerous work that the children always swarm. They are doubled over the coal breakers, breathing black coal dust; they are racked in the cotton mills, breathing damp lint; they are strained in furniture factories, breathing sawdust; they are parceled in glass factories, breathing dust of glass; they are crowded in soap factories, breathing dust of alkali; they are herded in felt factories, breathing dust of fur; they are twisted in tobacco factories, inhaling the deadly nicotine; they are bent over in dye rooms, soaking in the poisonous dyes; they are cooped in varnishing rooms, absorbing noxious fumes; they are stifled in rubber factories, where they are paralyzed with naphtha; they are choked in match factories, where they are gangrened with phosphorus; they are huddled in type foundries, where they are cramped with the poison of lead. * * * And this child ruining goes on, hour after hour, almost without protest in this boastful era of this richest land of time."—Edwin Markham.

As I pondered over the dark crimes of organized greed against the freedom and natural development of childhood, my heart cried out to the Merciful Heart of the universe for wisdom to use my influence to help along the emancipation of humanity from a diabolical system that stunts the mind and soul of God's little ones. As I thought over the problem I saw the possibility of turning the strength of many thousand minds to overcome the dark forces that sway the destiny of so many thousands of helpless beings.

We believe that thought force is the most powerful force in the world. Then let us turn this force to a practical use. A legion of wills directed to the accomplishment of one purpose will generate a power of thought that will work silently but intelligently in the subliminal realm of mind and move a vast army of passive beings into the way of happiness and peace. Here is a mighty power for accomplishment right at hand; let us use it wisely for the welfare of the race.

You are a center of influence. What you think and more especially what you *feel,* is shaping minds and molding fate. Would it not be well to go to work systematically and direct your thought force daily for the world's betterment?

There is a battle waging between organized selfishness and the scattered forces of love. Men and women with hearts form a wavering line against the well-massed and disciplined army that contends for the use of the child-life as long as it flickers in its ill-fed and stunted body. Do you not feel that you want to lend the strength of your will to the line of fighters on the battle front? Your will and determination on the side of right will strengthen some discouraged worker. The ultimate end really depends on the preponderance of mental force on either side, and your daily decree will unite with all other thought forces to sway the destiny of millions of unborn beings.

Read this article over daily and then put the force of your will and the fire of your heart into the decrees which follow. Think and speak them with determination and feeling and let some one of them stay with you all through the day. Forget your selfish desires for the time and you will grow powerful in soul as the fire of your being flares up to consume the dark forces of mortal mind.

DECREES.

I decree that the reign of greed shall cease, the world's heart shall be touched and children shall be free.

I feel I am a power uniting my will to the principle of Righteousness that it

may have the force of my will to use in the battle against greed and oppression. I am united with a legion of wills on earth and in heaven to will in the reign of righteousness and truth.

We all will in union of purpose with the will of God that child labor shall cease.

No more shall profit be made from the bodies of little children.

No more shall they be allowed to toil their lives out to satisfy human selfishness.

The truth is being told, and the manhood and womanhood of the world is aroused to a mighty activity that will quickly abolish child slavery.

Those profit-seeking minds who are fighting against laws for child freedom shall feel the power of Divine Love melting their hearts and weakening their purpose. Their wealth and political influence shall not stand against the mighty forces of mind that decree for justice and freedom.

The wills of selfishness and greed shall be overcome by the wills that stand invincible in the power of universal Good.

These decrees shall grow in power until the whole race becomes dominated by the Mind of God and love and justice reign supreme in all the world.

THE SOUL AND NATURE

All my hurts
My garden spade can heal, a woodland walk,
A quest of river grapes, a mocking thrush.
A wild rose, a rock-loving columbine,
Salve my worst wounds.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Man judges me by what I could be if I would; God by what I would be if I could.
—Purinton.

EVER SEE SUCH A CASE?

"Oh, how do you *bear* to see such injustice and cruelty around you?"—said a bright woman to me.

"Why, *where?*" I asked—"do you see anything unjust or cruel around here?"

"No," she replied, slowly, "but there *is* so *much* of it; men beating their horses, for instance—oh, it *hurts* me so to see them!"

"And how many men did you ever see beating horses unmercifully?" She thought a moment.

"Well, I've *heard* them whipping their horses *several* times; but I think I only *saw* such a thing once; and *then* I *felt*—oh, so—*so!*"

"Exactly," I hastened to reply, "you have seen *one* horse beaten, have *heard* 'several' others whipped; and you are—how old?"

"Er—I'm fifty-three years old."

"Yes? You don't look it; and to think you have in those fifty-three years seen one horse beaten and heard 'several' whipped. *And how many times have you felt* oh, so—*so!*—so?"

Then we both laughed. "Well, really," she said, "I thought I had seen *so much* suffering, and I believe after all I've seen very little, but have thought that little over and over and *felt with* it a very great deal."

I'LL BE THANKFUL

and so will you, if each present subscriber to *The Nautilus* will send in JUST ONE (or more) new subscriber before January 1st. That would enable me to make *The Nautilus* just twice as good and large as at present. TRY IT. Show your friends our *Prospectus* in this number. I'll give every one who sends one NEW subscriber before the above named date, his choice of any of my books to the value of 50 cents. *Show your friends the Prospectus.* Please!

ELIZABETH TOWNE,
Holyoke, - - - Mass.

EDITORIALS

BY ELIZABETH.

IF I HAD A VOTE. How would I vote on the saloon or no saloon question—if I had a vote? Frankly, I don't know. Possibly it would depend upon the town in which I was living. *They say* there is more drunkenness up in the Maine prohibition towns than in Massachusetts high license cities. *Maybe* that is the Massachusetts point of view. *They say* there is more drunkenness and other badness in the army since the W. C. T. U. succeeded in abolishing the "army canteen."

Putting two and two together I judge that in most communities there are people who *will* have their booze, no matter where they have to go to get it. In prohibition places they sneak in at back doors, and pay the high prices always exacted for contraband goods. They carry more of it away with them than they would otherwise use.

If they are in the army with a "canteen" they buy fairly decent whiskey when they want it, and drink it under surveillance of officers. If there is no whiskey to be had there they go outside and carouse at the unspeakable places which swarm at the gates to supply what the W. C. T. U. prohibits, but the men *will* have anyway.

My ideal is of course yours—no saloons, no drinking.

But evidently I—and the W. C. T. U. —cannot force my ideal upon the other fellow.

But it looks as if we *can* regulate the other fellow's use of booze so that it shall bring the minimum of harm to himself *and others.*

I have never lived in Portland, Me., so I've only *they say* to judge by. I have lived for thirty odd years in Portland, Ore., and for six years in Holyoke, in both of which places high license is the rule. In Portland they used to have low license, I believe, and more drunkenness than now. Both cities are pretty good, orderly places to live in. If the laws were enforced by disinterested business men, instead of ward politicians, they would be still better places to live in.

I think I might be called an opportunist prohibitionist. I would vote for prohibition if I lived in a city or state that I thought could be induced to live a bit better under prohibition. But in the two cities of which I have had personal experience I would vote for *high* license, strictest regulation and *no ward politics.* I would not waste my vote on *any* cause that could not possibly win in my community.

If you will notice carefully you will find most progress comes by shouting for the ideal and voting for the lesser of two evils. All progressive legislation is a compromise between the ideal and the powers that be. My faith in *All Is Good* makes me believe this is right and best. It is *growth,* instead of revolution.

We cannot tear the booze-appetite out by the roots, nor bottle it up with prohibitory laws. We can only control it a bit, guarding the individual and protecting others from him, until he grows the higher desires which will eventually *inexorably* crowd the booze desire out of his heart.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL. I would regulate the saloon business where I could not abolish it.

Let us have "government control" of saloons.

And honest men to control the city government.

We *are growing them both.*

And through them we are growing the ideals we all feel and want to see manifest.

Since we must have whiskey let us have pure whiskey laws, and honest men to enforce them. Let us regulate the time, and quantity of liquor to be sold, and the quality. Let us eliminate treating, and imprison the man who sells liquor to minors.

It is too much to ask for honest whiskey sellers. Whiskey selling, loot, graft, intrigue, ward politics, always hob-nob together in the back room of the saloon.

But we *can* take politics out of the saloon. We can abolish ward politics and thus leave the whiskey seller shorn of his pull with the police.

GALVESTON HAS DONE IT.

Galveston has done it. What Galveston has done Holyoke, or Portland, Ore., or Portland, Me., or Chicago or New York or Kalamazoo can do. For Galveston was the dirtiest, most *shiftless,* slack and *open* town on the map, and now she is the best, cleanest, most economical and orderly and progressive place in the country.

All done since the Great Storm. Yes, it took an overwhelming calamity and dire necessity to break up ward politics in Galveston. I surmise San Francisco's shaking up will eventuate in much the same way. When cities get *too* rotten and self-complacent something happens that isn't so nice as necessary. Then humanity wakes up and does the right thing. A rotten city means rotten ward politics, nothing else. That tidal wave made Galveston gasp and sit up. Then she found herself so desperately poor she couldn't support ward aldermen. Her government was put into the hands of five prominent and honest men called commissioners, who have run Galveston on business principles five years. She was bankrupt when they began their work. Results, net saving of *one-third* in running expenses; payment of old debts incurred under the vicious ward aldermen system; *real* regulation of the whiskey business; a clean city and the accomplishment of wonders in the way of rebuilding and improvement. So well satisfied is Galveston that the same men are re-elected year after year. Be sure to read about "Galveston: A Business Corporation," by George Kibbe Turner, in *McClure's* for October.

Galveston *had* to wake up and shake off her incubus of blood-sucking, pettifogging, scheming, trading aldermen, or die. But surely the rest of our cities are smart enough to profit by Galveston's example without waiting for calamity to force it. Read that Turner article and then work for something like Galveston's government in your own city. What are your business men's clubs for if not to get together in, for the interests of your city? Talk up decent government. *Work* it up. Go to the legislature if necessary, but *get rid of your ward aldermen,* who are at the bottom of all bad municipal government.

Galveston used to be governed by one saloon keeper, one bartender, one drayman, two wharf laborers, one negro politician, one journeyman printer, one retail butcher, one retail grocer, one curbstone real estate broker, one political agent for a railroad that never existed except on paper. Do you suppose such men know how to run a city, even if they are honest in intention? But Galveston had wards that were filled with people of that caliber, who of course elected aldermen of their own kind. Every city has wards full of people who elect representatives that don't know beans about anything but their own selfish ends. Aldermen at large are more apt to really represent the best interests of a city. Galveston found them a great improvement over ward aldermen rule. But she had to do still better or stay wiped off the map. Hence the new government.

Holyoke is as well governed a little city as you will find under aldermanic rule. She has seven aldermen at large and seven ward aldermen. They say there is no graft in Holyoke.

BUT her schools are *not* up to standard, and the aldermen and committee men are wholly to blame. "To our friends belong the plums," is their attitude—as it is *always* the aldermanic attitude. Their slogan is "Good schools! —when they don't interfere with 'me and my son John and our half of Jim,' in our little ward." So our school teachers get in on pull. Merit counts second, not first.

And we are next door to Springfield, too, which has the finest schools in the country. When a Holyoke family moves to Springfield the children have to drop back a grade or two in the schools. Then there is a great howl about *Springfield's* jealousy of Holyoke! Everybody knows the schools here are *not* as good as they could be, but nobody mentions it when Springfield puts an ex-Holyoker in a lower grade. For a time the colleges refused to accept Holyoke high school graduates without special examination. There were more howls then, but no school committeeman or alderman would admit the truth. They made concessions enough to tide over that difficulty. Now our graduates are squeezed through—to hustle hard or fizzle out of college after a year or two. And two of the best teachers in the schools have just been dropped to make room for inexperienced girls with better pulls. So they say.

Holyoke has two or three saloon men on her board of aldermen, and the apparent bell wether of the school committee is a cigarmaker.

If ward aldermen and school committeemen can't be trusted to look out for the best interests of the schools, where their own children must get an education, how can they be trusted to regulate the whiskey business in which their own colleagues are engaged? Or any other municipal business. They can't.

Down with ward aldermen or councilmen or school committeemen, and let the people elect a few of *the best business and professional men* in the whole city, to run the city's business.

Until we *do* down ward politics it matters not a picayune whether we vote prohibition or high license. The real business of the city will run along exactly the same under either banner. To the victor will go the spoils and the man who wants whiskey will get it.

Pessimism? Not at all! Merely meliorism. Seeing both sides of the thing, and helping people to get rid of the wrong side. *Nautilus* readers number about 130,000 or 140,000 now. They can purify a lot of politics if they want to. This is to remind them that they want to.

A REMEDY FOR SALOONS.

If I could regulate the saloon business to suit me I would abolish the free lunch, and all private rooms and *chairs,* and all *treating.* I would regulate hotels and clubs so that all liquor must be drunk standing at the bar, no treating and no loud talking. So any man who thinks he can't "keep up" without liquor could get it, but two or more men could not get together and *cultivate* the drink appetite by treating and trying to see who can be the biggest tank. And I would make every saloon keeper pay a tremendous license for selling good liquor in this way.

Then I would multiply the Y. M. C. A.'s in every city, or institute Y. M. A.'s without the C.'s, and make them all as free as the saloons are now. In other words, I would take the liquor out of the saloons and clubs, leaving all the beauty, warmth, free lunches, and hail-fellow; then I would add to those the gymnasium and reading rooms and games, and classes, etc., of the Y. M. C. A.'s, making

a sort of public *home* or club for men. Instead of charging men for whiskey and throwing in a lunch I would charge a very small price for the food—free food might be as degenerating as whiskey—and nothing for the warmth, gymnasium, reading rooms, classes, etc.

Do you see that this is merely a cross between the Y. M. C. A. and the ordinary club, with the whiskey relegated to an uninviting bar around the corner?

How would I support such a place for association of men? Just as clubs are supported now; with the addition of *free* clubs for the poorest classes of people, these *free clubs to be maintained in the same way that schools are maintained, by state and town and city taxes.*

It would *pay* the people to maintain such free places for the *home-ing* of stray men. What they don't pay for that now goes into police forces, reformatories, jails, etc. In such places the men would catch the spirit of self-improvement, as they do in Y. M. C. A.'s. With whiskey out of sight they would take to reading, games, and finally to the classes. Ambition would grow in them, and they would soon be saving up their money and *knocking for admittance to some self-supporting club.*

The whole tendency of humanity is upward. The tendency of all human association is to wake emulation and ambition. *Take out the liquor,* which saps energy and ambition, and all saloon bummers would soon be seeking means of self-improvement. Energy *must* find expression. The saloon bummer destroys his energy with whiskey, hence his downward tendency. Take away the whiskey and his mounting energies will move him to better deeds.

You can't compel him to let drink alone, but you *can* afford him the sort of conditions in which he may improve.

AN ECHO FROM THE EARTHQUAKE. We have just received an interesting letter from Walter Perkins, our famous "Man from India" comedian, whose company was playing in Frisco at the time of the earthquake, where Walter lost a lot of MSS. and other valuables. In his letter he tells us some interesting things which indicate how real new thought people—Walter is one—stand such overwhelming calamities. Here is a part of his letter:

> I must say a word about the Now people out there in San Francisco. When I found that I had lost everything at the theatre—I was starring in my play—"Who Goes There?"—I started for the hotel, where we thought all was safe—only to find fires had seemed to start on all sides in a twinkling—and the hotel was blown up. At first it seemed that I *could not* let go my keepsakes, and manuscripts and many valuables—then as I thought of my having just invited several friends to come up there —*it was so safe!*—I laughed. I wandered on with the crowds, just ahead of the flames for miles—finally I came to Steiner street and looked for 105 (where *Now* had its office)—which was all right. No one in the house—but on the table a doughnut—and it looked good—I hadn't had a mouthful all day—and I seized upon it! I looked out of the window and saw Mr. Brown in the park, which begins at the opposite corner. I went out and found nearly all the *Now*-ites camping there along with many others—the fires raging in the distance and there seemed no hope. But they were as calm as you are now, and they and all their belongings that were out there were saved. I think Henry Harrison Brown is a wonderful character. I had been out there several times, and they had all been to see my play. I was impressed with the perfect harmony, the full belief that all is good, that prevailed not only before, but after the awful disaster.

ELIZABETH GOES LECTURING. I am to speak in Washington, D. C., on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, December 2, at Rauscher's Hall, under the auspices of the National New Thought Center, one of the most progressive as well as one of the oldest new thought centers in the country. Miss Emma Gray, pioneer of new thought in Washington, is president of this Center, and she (and Elizabeth) invites every *Nautilus* reader in the country to come and hear Elizabeth talk about "A Tale of Real Life, and Some

Morals.'' Rauscher's, 1032 Connecticut avenue, is the ''Sherry's'' of Washington, where all the swell functions are held, as well as the Sunday services of the National New Thought Center.

On Monday afternoon at four there will be a reception in honor of Elizabeth, at the Center's fine rooms, high up in the Washington Loan and Trust building, corner F and Ninth streets.

I expect to hear some things in Washington, as well as say them. After our return—for William and I are going together—I shall write for *Nautilus* a Tale of New Thought in our Capitol City, which seems to be very much up and doing. And there will be some pictures to go with the article. Come and meet us if you can. But we'll tell you about it anyway.

Anent Books and Things.

—"Earthquake Blessings" is the unique title of a bright little paper bound pamphlet of thirty pages, by John Leander Brown, Box 43, Berkeley, Cal. Price, 10 cents.

—"The Greatest Thing in the World" is an anti-Christian Science poem by Josephine Curtis Woodbury. Price, 15 cents. Charles E. Lauriat Company, 385 Washington street, Boston.

—"The New Life Series" is a good study of "Natural Food and its Relations to Man, Physically, Mentally and Spiritually," by Elsie J. Lole, Providence, R. I. No price given, probably twenty-five cents.

—"One Hundred New Money Making Plans for Untrained Women," by May C. Moore, is a volume of sixty-seven large pages of inspiration and real common sense. Bound in cloth, price, sixty cents, postpaid, Kay Brothers, Publishers, Springfield, O.

—"Amitabha" is "a story of Buddhist theology," by Dr. Paul Carus. It contains much philosophy and ends in a wedding. The book is artistic in orange and brown boards binding, 121 pages. Published by Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. No price stated.

—"T'ai-Shang Kau-Ying P'ien" is Chinese for "Treatise of the Exalted One on Response and Retribution." The English translation was made by Suzuki and Dr. Paul Carus, and the book is illustrated and bound Chinese-y, an artistic volume, by Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. No price given.

—"Vocal and Literary Interpretation of the Bible" is a treatise of 384 pages, by S. S. Curry, Ph. D., president of the Boston School of Expression. Bound in maroon cloth and gold, no price given. Published by the MacMillan Company, N. Y. This book will be of special interest to all students of expression.

—"Dyspepsia and Costiveness, their Cause and Cure," by Richard J. Ebbard, details a "Self-Treatment Without Medicine" "based on medical reform science and successful practical experience." Published by L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus E. C., London. Price, $1.00; 125 pages, cloth bound.

—*Conable's Path-Finder* will henceforth exist as a department in *The National Visitor*, a new magazine with which it has been merged. *The National Visitor* is published at Los Angeles, Cal., edited by Ora D. Maden and owned by a stock company of whom Edgar Wallace Conable is a director. Here's success to the new combination.

—"Nano" is a "Heart's Story From the Unseen World," by Charles Everett. A story of a soul who stole a body that he might be with his soul mate. After she dies he leaves the stolen body to the widower and joins his soul mate on the other shore. Nicely bound in silk cloth and gold, 120 pages, price, $1.00 World's Thought Publishing Company, Box 25, Washington, D. C.

—"Cosmic Consciousness" is "A Study in the Evolution of the Human Mind," by Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, the famous alienist, who met a tragic death a few years ago. The book contains 318 very large pages, bound in linen cloth, with a very fine picture of the author; price, $4.00; Innes & Sons, Publishers, Philadelphia. This book is a clear and interesting exposition of the birth of the spiritual consciousness, with explicit personal experiences of many persons, including Dr. Bucke himself. Professor William James, of Harvard highly endorses it, and many others. For myself, I rarely read anything that touches such high truth in so true a spirit.

—"The Life Power and How to Use It" is the latest book by Elizabeth Towne, and the most attractive volume we have yet published. It contains 176 pages well printed on antique laid paper, with autograph and half-tone of the author as a frontispiece, all nicely and strongly bound in rich red art vellum. Some say it is the author's best. Others say the chapters on human and divine will and how to use them, are alone worth the price of the book. Rev. G. Duncan, D. D., one of the editors of that famous old London publication, *The Gentleman's Journal*, says of it: *"It lifts us up to the very highest plane of thought, life and being. It is an earnest, weighty, brilliant study of the self, the ego, the person. It rises high above most such studies and brings us face to face, not with details, shadows or seemings, but with the supreme, essential, abiding reality. It is a work which demands, commands and rewards repeated study."* Price of this book, $1.00. Order of *The Nautilus*, Holyoke, Mass.

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department. *Conducted by the Editor.*

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen some one find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We hope to publish herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matters of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of each number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send $5.00 in money, in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters.

—EDITOR.

Letter No. 35.

After being bereft of all my near of kin, and in failing health, I was induced to marry *for a home!* My husband was a widower with very set notions, and he seemed desirous from the first of making me understand that he was the boss. At the least opposition he would fly into a violent passion. I said in my heart, "Oh, Heavens, how can I bear it!" Providentially *Nautilus* had come to my hand and just at this time was an article on Non-resistance. This I felt was my only hope. At once I agreed with his every whim, though it was ever so unreasonable; and now after two years, I can truthfully say, I am in good health and I have one of the kindest husbands in the world and one who endeavors to *please me* in every way; and even his children who were doubtful of the success of our marriage are now pleased and say they never saw father so happy, that he seems like a *new man.*—Rachel.

Letter No. 36.

Rare almost as great poets, as scarce as mighty leaders of nations and as uncommon as martyrs or veritable saints, are consummate men of business. Everyone knows that to excel in this direction requires a great knowledge of character combined with an exquisite tact of feeling unerringly the right moment of action. A discreet rapidity must also pervade all the movements of their thought and action.

While it is essential to a degree to be endowed with enthusiasm, they must be conscious of the art of concealing it, keeping themselves at the same time free from vanity. Those who are the happy possessors of these qualities, and who have the rare faculty of discriminating correctly between the absolute needs of the everyday business routine and the things which are not worth worrying about, can be found to compose, with hardly an exception, the select circle of leaders of up-to-date commerce.

The ways of doing business are continually changing and at present we are probably living five years in one. While formerly great fortunes were only made in war and war was a business, today business is war and great accumulations of capital owe their existence almost exclusively to the application of rather warlike tactics. This is a fact hardly tolerating a contradiction, and with the strong desire for complete victory, men often commit the dangerous mistake of not alone undermining a physical but also a moral constitution. Every one of them is so intent upon what is going on immediately around him that none has more sense of proportion than if he were busy with a swarm of hornets. Only when necessity is most exacting in her demands do they recognize it as a vain hope to repurchase that health which has been injured in the effort of accumulating a fortune. We all know that at an advanced age a complete rest nor any amount of recreation will rebuild the tissues which have been wantonly wasted, and the crime of squandering that health so necessary to all the duties as well as the pleasures of life, seems a great folly.

But in trying to overdo things a man may rob himself of other pleasures to the enjoyment of which he should be entitled. He may allow his disappointments to take hold of him to such an extent that the pessimistic vein of his character will overshadow all else and will make him miserable. It is a sad sight indeed to see such a man make himself an absolute slave of a thing, his manhood all taken out of him by the hydraulic pressure of excessive business.

I should not like to be merely a great doctor, a clever lawyer, a renowned capitalist, a mighty politician—I should like to be also something of a man.—Julius Rosenberg.

Letter No. 37.

Success is limited only by man's will and back of that by his desire. If you have found yourself and believe in the possibilities of that spark which God has breathed into you, success is yours and by success I mean satisfaction and harmony within, and the consequent harmony without—the realization of a purpose, born, fed, developed, perfected. Three things man needs to conquer the world—a purpose, a will, a God. Says Goethe:—

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or deem you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power, magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed."

—Mary Ella Manning.

Letter No. 38.

To attain high success bring strong, unwavering will with faith to persevere and then —ATTENTION TO DETAILS.

Impress the necessity of these three upon the school children of today, and another generation will need to add more rounds to the top of the proverbial ladder.

The child who brings to her teacher work neatly and carefully done is the prize winner.

Drudgery of detail is the shoal on which the promising youth ofttimes goes down and the man reckoned not so brilliant by far wins out because he is willing to carry to perfection the minor points of his work.

In the business world careful supervision is a must-be. Gathering in the loose ends and making them count is what sends the business man up the road to wealth.

The inventions and discoveries of science so valued by modern civilization have been achieved only after years of the most careful research by chemist, biologist or electrician.

The student in letters, art or music spends hours making small defects perfection before the world, that severest of critics, will pause to see or hear.

In the life beautifully lived, that crowning success which the world does not see, these little things are they which make it a song of joy.—Alice T. Cutts, Silver Cliff, Col.

Letter No. 39.

Rules for Success:—First. Find what kind of business you are best adapted to. Second. Find the right location. Third. Advertise your business. Fourth. Be polite and kind to your customers. Fifth. Whatever you do, do with all your might. Sixth. Use the best tools. Seventh. Don't endorse without security.—Samuel Ashton.

Letter No. 40.

To attain success one must have a definite aim in life; careful study and silent meditation should be the initial work—then lay your plans—place your case in the hands of Him who is Love—trust those of the inner circle to help and cheer you through their vibratory inspiration, and by and by, your ambition being a laudable one, you will be crowned with success.

As you grow in faith, you will find your temperament change, you will be able resolutely to say no when the tempter comes, and every victory won will send a radiation of glory through your being.

Then the majestic beauty of life begins. Seeing what others have been enabled to do for you, you stretch out your arms of love and compassion to the defenceless, and thus help forward the great movement of brotherly love, which yet will encompass the earth.

As our beloved Markham says:—

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is brotherhood;
For it will bring again to earth
Her long lost poesy and mirth—
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race,
And till it comes we men are slaves,
And travel down to the dust of graves.

—John Kidd.

Letter No. 41.

As true success is twofold, there must be a twofold method in obtaining it,—spiritual and material, faith and work. To be and to acquire, to be perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect and to do whatsoever thy hands find to do with thy might. To love God with all thy heart and all thy mind and all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself, is synonymous to whatsoever is good, whatsoever is beautiful, noble, true, and great. Think ye on that, and whatsoever ye would others should do unto you, do ye that.

Letter No. 34, written by S. M. Shields, True, Tex., is the prize winner for October. Here's success to the writer! Will he please tell us where to send the two subscriptions?—E. T.

When you try to open the door labeled "Pull" you stand in your own way. But the portal of "Push" swings wide before you.—Purinton.

The Way the Wind Blows

Friends, the Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth! We are all wafting that way. If you are not TOO BUSY you can see such indications all about you every day. And every paper and magazine you pick up contains little straws that show it! Here are a few the editor has culled while reading the daily papers and weekly reviews, etc. We shall be glad to have our readers keep an eye out for other Straws that show the way the Clean Winds blow, sending us any items they may think suitable for this column of very brief mention.—E. T.

"Short skirts are likely to be the popular costume in Nordhausen, Germany. The board of health has recommended the imposition of a fine of thirty marks, or imprisonment for one week, for wearing dresses with trains on the street. The dragging of the bottom of the skirt through the dust and dirt of the street is characterized as 'a menace to the well-being of the community.'"—*Youth's Companion.*

"It is an excellent thing to tell college girls, as Hon. John D. Long told the graduating class at Vassar, that their 'mission is to save human society from vulgarity and decay.' If, say, half the graduates of the women's colleges would set themselves resolutely to living the simple life and would train up their husbands and children the same way, civilization would presently have gone a long way forward in this country."—*Holyoke Transcript.*

"Aristotle long ago said: 'Let the very playthings of your children have a bearing on the life and work of the coming man.' It is early training that exerts the greater influence. Mothers should not allow their children to have military toys,, to practice warlike games, or anything that makes them familiar with taking life as a pastime. They should be early taught the divine law as to the sacredness of human life, and also the Golden Rule. Show them that true heroism consists in saving life and property, and in self-denying labors for the good of mankind."—*The Pacific Banner.*

"Thomas Edison says that this is the greatest time that ever was for men who are a little smarter than the common run. The door of opportunity, he says, is open as it never has been before for men who have minds even a fraction above what is necessary for a routine muscular task. He calls it the golden age for men of brains, even a little brains, and adds that the world is growing better and stronger all the time, and the invitation to think is becoming almost irresistible in every branch of human effort. He scoffs at the idea that the poor man's chance of success is less than it used to be, and says he would rather begin now as a poor boy than start again in the conditions that surrounded his early life. A hopeful, appreciative man is Thomas Edison."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Boston has an association of newsboys which has begun to establish a fund for educating at Harvard one or more among them, and has raised already $2,000 toward the necessary amount. This lively association has already been addressed by President Eliot more than once, and its latest step shows how full of high ambition these boys are. There could be, we gratefully believe, no more sterling proof of opportunity and of character in America than these self-supporting youths now give. In what other nation would a boy, born in poverty, earning each day his food and bed, set out cheerfully to pass the examinations of a great seat of learning, and, once in, to master to the full its manifold weapons for adding to the conquests of his life? Criticize it how we will, and should, we may well glow always for our land of the free. Now, as ever, since the pioneer's ax fought its battle with the wilderness, is it the home of Opportunity and of her daughter, Hope. Elsewhere through the country, no doubt, this effort of the Boston lads will lend an impulse to other boys, cheerful and brave, ready themselves to scale the heights of the most beetling fortresses that tower about their tiny forms."—*Collier's.*

"Judged by any standard, the railroad rate act is the most important single piece of legislation passed by any recent Congress. The Interstate Commerce Commission, which will administer the law, is enlarged, the term of the members is extended to seven years, and their compensation is increased. The meaning of the term 'common carrier' is extended to include express companies, and the meaning of 'transportation' to include private car lines and elevators which are instruments in transportation. Upon complaint of a shipper, and after a full hearing, the commission may fix a maximum freight rate in the case under consideration. That rate will take effect in thirty days after it is promulgated, and will remain in effect two years, unless sooner modified by the commission or set aside by the courts, to which the railroads or other common carriers may appeal. Common carriers must furnish transportation facilities to all alike without discrimination. Their rates must be conspicuously posted along the lines and filed with the commission as public documents. Copies of all contracts with other carriers must also be filed with the commission. The giving or receiving of a rebate or discrimination is absolutely prohibited. A violation of this provision, or of any one of those already mentioned, is punishable by extremely heavy fines, to which imprisonment may be added. Another important provision of the act is that which makes the books and records of the railroads at all times accessible to the commission, and punishes, by heavy penalties, any false entries or mutilation. Regarded as a whole, the act takes an exceedingly broad view of the duties of railroads and other common carriers toward the public, and of the public's right to control them; and it should go a long way toward removing the evils of favoritism and rate discrimination of which there has been so much complaint."—*Youth's Companion.*

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION.
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-products and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of The Nautilus. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

D. W. MICH.—I think you do right to look well to your daughter until she is grown. If *you know* you are right, that is all there is to it. Follow your heart and *be still.* Quit arguing the matter with *anybody.* And quit resenting your husband's attitude, which is most natural under the circumstances. Let your charity cover his sins and soften your own heart.

K. O. C.—Hypnotism nothing! It is "personal magnetism" that gives her such success. That means that she is bright, hopeful, tactful, *and believes in herself and her goods.* Look your own best, smile, talk to the point, believe in yourself and be *thoroughly interested in your goods* and conversant with their merits, and you will get as many orders as she. If you go around looking forlorn, or sloppy, or if you waste time excusing yourself, and if you *feel* that "luck is against you," you will repel people and they won't buy of you. *Be attractive, be brief and pointed,* EXPECT A SALE; these are the combination to success as a salesman. Practise until you can work them with ease.

N. E.—It was probably *your anxiety* that made the money order go astray for a time! Have had such things happen to me times enough to make me *certain* that my thoughts *do* go with my letters, and that they really influence the people who handle the letters. Only last evening I picked up one of a bundle of letters and as I did so the word "Opulence" came clearly into my mind. I opened the letter and the first word in it was "Opulence," in big type. And the whole letter breathed opulence of power and kindness. William and I have such experiences every day with letters. I can *feel* a tale of woe through the thickest envelope! And I feel Good Will, love, confidence, joy, the same way. So I don't wonder if a new girl *felt* your anxiety in your letter, and muddled things a bit. If she had not been a new girl, and therefore negative, it is unlikely that she would have been disturbed by your doubts and fears. She would have been positive to you, safe in her own *knowledge* of how to meet emergencies. See? Now let me tell you what I have learned—by similar experiences to yours—to do when I begin to doubt. If I catch myself fearing a letter will go astray, or something like that, I *treat it to go aright.* I deny my doubts and call on the Spirit of Attraction to take my letter straight to its destination with a full message of joy and Good Will. And no letter I *start* right ever goes astray or gets into a mixup. Try it! And the same principle works in many another exigency of life. To just *get still* and send out Good Will and Faith, will make straight the way of pretty nearly anything.

J. S.—Evidently you are "run down" physically. Nobody could possibly have "too much magnetism." Instead of using too much will power to control nervousness go out doors and take a brisk walk, breathing slowly and fully through the nostrils, holding each breath a moment before exhaling and then taking pains to exhale slowly. Live out doors as much as you can, and keep your windows open night and day. Get plenty of active exercise daily, and *eat less but chew more.* Use plain, wholesome food only, and use it in moderation. You will soon find your health improving and the nervousness disappearing.

Mr. M.—I think you are! He can't be larger in his own opinion than he is in the opinions of thousands of others, so he can hardly be accused of overestimating himself. And what does it matter, anyway, since he delivers the goods? *The answer to your other question will be found in "Looking Out for No. 1," which will appear soon.

M. E. P.—Don't try that! It will surely bring sorrow to all parties concerned. It is "lack of self-confidence," that makes you want such a friendship as you suggest. *To cultivate "strength of character" stick to the right and stand by *your own* convictions; and *keep practicing that.* There is no other way. One of the signs of a "weak character" is the desire to "have people understand" and sympathize with one. In order to get this sympathy one tells everything he knows to anybody who comes handy. The "weak character" always has a few—or many—confidants to whom he explains and excuses himself. If you would be strong quit explaining and excusing yourself to *anybody.* Live your life to yourself and your God alone, and *never mind* whether others like or love you or not. "Love is for the lover," and if another loves you *he* is the gainer thereby, not you. You gain in strength of character by the love you give, *never* by the love given to you. *Be still* and know. "Strength of character" comes with devotion to a purpose. Go in to win at something, and stick to it until you *do* win. "Personal magnetism" is the radio-activity of a *steady* purpose to do and be.

New Thought in the Kitchen

Conducted by R. M. FLETCHER BERRY.

One of the foods we fail to take full advantage of in this country because of the overwhelming wealth of other types of food riches or because of mere ideas and habits of eating, is cheese. America consumes a good deal of it, but it is, after all, our foreign population which eats most of it and, if the truth must be told, we export from the United States and Canada a great deal of this product which is across the sea repacked, relabelled, and sent back to us as imported goods. The cause of this is a double one: Foreign products have a different smack, an air and flavor, real or imaginary, for which we are more than willing to pay, and foreign cheese has such an immense reputation among the folk of their own country, as well as among the people of other places that neither Americans nor the foreign born in the United States would believe they "got their money's worth" unless the cheese they buy bore the names of the "makes" they *wish* to think they are eating.

We have been more spoiled than we realize by the riotous luxury of our land. In this most foreigners are ahead of us since they, forced to it by personal or national poverty, have learned the value of simple foods, the power of the concentrated ones, and necessity has demanded to great degree abstinence from meat. Among the best of the common strength-foods of Europe are the dishes made with cheese as a foundation or accessory. It is a most concentrated food, every pound of a *good* cheese being worth more in actual nourishment than twice that much meat (leaving out bone). Of course there is cheese and cheese. Some is poor, some rich, some skim milk, some cream some factory made, and thus generally lacking in phosphate of lime, and some country made, with at least a small proportion of this phosphate to enrich it. But a good, all-around cheese contains more nourishment than any other easily obtained food. It contains both the repair and the fuel elements, lacking in but one important particular, the potash salts. When one eats cheese one must make up this lack by using more of fruits and vegetables. In the use of cheese, however, foreigners have learned by experience that between cheese cooked and cheese uncooked there is a vast difference. We are accustomed to thinking of this food as a "ready-to-eat" and almost a "pre-digested" (!) product, whereas in its raw state it is very apt to be an extremely crude, rude thing to put into the stomach. The mountaineers of Switzerland and Italy, etc., can and do eat "raw" cheese as well as the cooked forms, but this is chiefly for convenience' sake, and it is said to be only because they live the active lives that they do that they can continue to digest any great quantity of it without uncomfortable consequences at some stage of their earthly careers. People of quieter habit must eat less of such a concentrated form of nitrogen and eat it in the cooked form.

The fancy *"fondues"* of the high-priced *chef* are founded upon one of the simplest and best of the old Swiss foods, one of the most common dishes of the peasant dietary and one of the most delicious. In England they term that which is its British counterpart, a "cheese pudding." This is, or was, originally, also identical with a cheese *"Souffle,"* and should be cooked in individual dishes (to adhere to the usual old method), serving as quickly as it is ready to remove from the fire. (Recipe given in menu.) In Europe one finds also the cheese delicately grated and stirred at once into the hot milk, to be cooked lightly before removing, sprinkled on soups, salads, or vegetables, and arriving on the table in a different form than the ordinary stringy masses so often innocently prepared as delicacies because we supposed they were.

This being the month of national Thanksgiving day, I have given suggestions for a Thanksgiving dinner and also the usual supper of the monthly menu. Personally I should not follow a Thanksgiving dinner with a cheese dish for supper (or any supper at all in set form), but give the omelet recipe which may be used for any desired occasion, and as an alternative for a luncheon dish a recipe of Helen Paris Baldwin's (St. Paul) which happened to happily fit in with the November menu already written. It will be found most delicious and a good substantial dish of pleasing variety.

BREAKFAST.

Dates with Oatmeal and Cream. Coffee.

LUNCHEON NO. 1.

Cream of Cheese Soup. Bread and Butter. Fruit.

LUNCHEON NO. 2.

Cheese Batter Pudding or *Frijoles.* Saltines. Pineapple and Pruneade.

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Cheese Patties—Baked—with Cranberry Sauce. Scalloped Irish Potatoes. Creamed Onions. Buttered Cabbage. Fig and Prune Salad. Pumpkin Pudding.
Mint Sherbet. Wafers. Coffee.

SUPPER.

Cheese Omelet. Fruit Gelatine. Fruit Wafers.

Breakfast. Dates with Oatmeal: Carefully look over the dates and wash them before cooking, then chop or cut fine and when the oatmeal porridge has begun to cook add the dates and cook twenty minutes longer. Oatmeal can scarcely be cooked too long, and it improves (if kept in a cool place) with several days' keeping. One will find it sweeter and more acceptable reheated the third or fourth day than the first if it is kept in a dry, cool place and not allowed to get sour or moldy.

Luncheon No. 1. Cream of Cheese Soup: In one quart of milk cook slowly a small sliced onion and one or two cubes of carrots. When

these are tender strain the milk and thicken it with a half cup each of butter and flour mixed smooth. Stir in a scant cup of grated skim milk cheese, and keep stirring it for several minutes; remove from stove and whisk in the beaten yolks of four eggs. Season and serve immediately.

Luncheon No. 2. Cheese Batter Pudding (called also, sometimes scalloped cheese): This may be made in three ways. No. 1: Slice and butter bread (or reverse this order if the bread is at all soft. It is better under many circumstances to butter before slicing). Place the piece in individual baking dishes, over each slice sprinkling generously grated cheese. Fill up the dish in this manner, then pour over the whole a seasoned "batter" of eggs and milk, using about two eggs to a pint of milk. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven and serve at once. No. 2: Mix grated bread crumbs and grated cheese, using a pint of crumbs to a half pound of cheese. When well mixed add a tablespoon of butter, the yolks of two eggs, a cup of milk, then the whipped whites of the eggs and bake in shallow pans or dishes. (Shallow pans give a dainty crustiness.) No. 3: Use one cup each of grated cheese and flour, sifting a teaspoon each of baking powder and salt through the flour. Mix first two beaten eggs with a cup of sweet milk. After beating these add the cheese and flour (mixed). Pour into a low baking pan as for Yorkshire pudding, sprinkle bread crumbs over the top and bake till well browned (possibly forty minutes). Brown some bread crumbs separately to be served and eaten with the pudding, placing a tablespoon of the crisp crumbs over each serving or each dish if baked in individual pans.

Frijoles. H. P. B.: Put one pound mild cream cheese (soft) with three large or five small green peppers through meat grinder. Place in saucepan with one can of French, red kidney beans. Use no butter or salt but place at once in the hot dry pan and cook twenty minutes when it will be of a creamy consistency. Spread this over hot toast or crackers. (This is sufficient for twelve slices.)

Pineapple and Pruneade: Wash and put to soak over night a pint of prunes. In the morning barely simmer for three hours, till soft, when strain and cool the resulting liquor. Then add juice of one pineapple (cut in half, unpeeled, and squeeze on one of the convex glass lemon squeezers), and one orange.

Dinner. Cheese Patties: To each half pound of grated cheese add one egg and one tablespoon each of butter, milk and bread crumbs. Cut the patties from stale bread, the lower round whole, the upper merely a ring as for crullers. Spread these lightly with soft butter and brown them in a quick oven. Remove them and fill with the cheese mixture. Place again in oven just about four minutes—sufficient to melt and cook the cheese, remove and serve with tart cranberry sauce.

Buttered Cabbage: Remove the outer leaves, wash and quarter. Cut out the core and slice the cabbage like coarse slaw. Cook in boiling water with a generous pinch of soda for twenty-five minutes. Drain, salt and pepper it, turning and tossing well, place in serving dish, pouring over it a half cup of fresh, melted butter. Serve hot. With this preparation the cabbage will be as delicate as cauliflower. Do not cover it while cooking.

Fig, Prune and Apple Salad: Let the figs soak for six hours after washing well. The prunes used for pruneade may be stoned and cut to bits with the figs and added to little cubes of tart apples. Serve with the salad dressing given in September menu, on a bed of lettuce or other tender, seasonable "salad greens."

Pumpkin Pudding: Make as for pie but place in a pudding dish and when baked (without crust) spread over the top a thick meringue of the whites of three or four eggs, a cup each of sugar and nutmeats, chopped, and replace to brown quickly.

Mint Sherbet: Make a syrup with a pound of sugar to a quart of water. Add the juice of a lemon for this quantity, strain and cool. When cold flavor well with *creme de menthe* and freeze partially, then stir in the whipped whites of two eggs and complete the process.

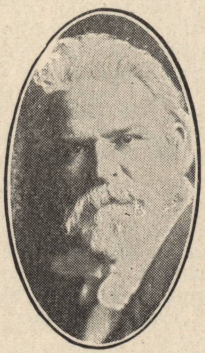
Good Things Coming!—The Nautilus Prospectus for 1907.

By The Editor.

We draw back the curtain just a little and show you *a few* of the *special* things that are to be published in *The Nautilus* in the coming year. We haven't room to tell you *all,* and any way we want to save *some* surprises for you.

But just watch *The Nautilus!*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX and **EDWIN MARKHAM,** the two greatest American poets, will supply the main poems for Vol. IX of *The Nautilus.* And our other poems will be worthy the company they are to keep. Among those already accepted are a number from the muses of Grace MacGowan Cooke, Susie Best, Louise Liddell, Annie Almy, Katherine Quinn, Minnie Hayes, the Italian Countess Florence Alli-Maccarani, and the Australian poet, Irven.



EDWIN MARKHAM will also delight us with some of his splendid prose. Those who are reading his "Hoe-Man in the Making," in *Cosmopolitan* will rejoice exceedingly to know Edwin Markham is to write for *The Nautilus.*

SALVARONA, one of America's most advanced psychologists, member of the New York Institute for Scientific Research, coworker with Prof. William James and Prof. Hyslop, author of "Wisdom of Passion," one of the books of the century. We have secured from this man his latest writings, "The Nervous System of Jesus," a series of articles of great originality and power, which will attract wide attention. In these articles Salvarona gives us the *modus operandi* of mental healing, the real *how* and *why.* The first of the series begins in November *Nautilus.*

Other articles and series of Salvarona's which will follow are, "Ella Wheeler Wilcox, or Modern Passion Expression," "The Mental Science of Buddha," "The Psychology of Peace," etc.

Several illustrations will appear with his articles.

PROF. EDGAR L. LARKIN, Director of Lowe Observatory, Cal., will be a regular monthly contributor to *Nautilus* during the coming year. Among the articles from him are, "Wonders of Modern Astronomy," "Present Soaring Heights of Mind," etc., besides items and articles about the important scientific happenings of the time.

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY sends us more of her helpful "Meditations," for all times and occasions. There is a special one for Christmas, and another for New Year's, and yet another for Easter. (By the way, we have another lovely new Madonna picture for our next Easter number, which many of you will like even better than the one we gave you last Easter.) Then there are other Meditations on "The Real Self," "Seeing God," etc.

W. R. C. LATSON, M. D., will add power to our Vol. IX. Perhaps you know he is a New York expert on physical diagnosis and rational therapeutics, to whom people come from all over the world, and whose writings reach several million people weekly. Perhaps you have read some of his articles in *Success, Delineator, Health-Culture,* etc.

Dr. Latson began his career as a physician, wedded to all the idols of the profession. He graduated into rational therapeutics and now finds himself becoming daily more interested in the mental and spiritual phase of individual life.

We have a series of articles from Dr. Latson, in which he will give us new thought from his standpoint, treating of "Mental Habits and Health," "Secrets of Mental Suprem-

acy," "Master and Serf," "The Individual," "The Road to the Kingdom of Heaven," etc. The articles will be illustrated with photographs and sketches.

THE NEW PHYSIOLOGY is a series of articles by Wallace D. Wattles, which will satisfy the large class of our readers who want to know *why*. There are six articles in the series, dealing with "The Source of Work-Power," "Sleep," "To Use Sleep," "Scientific Living and Healing," "Mind Cures," and "Nature and Development of Will Power." I am greatly pleased with these articles, and I think you will be. They are decidedly original and very interesting and helpful.

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE, whose charming stories you have read in *Collier's Weekly, Century, Harper's,* etc., turns preacher on occasion, takes a text and delivers a sermon as beautiful and bright, and may be more helpful than even her stories. We have secured several of her sermons for *The Nautilus,* the first of which appears in the October, 1906, number.

Also we shall publish some of her poetry. And may be—but that's telling.

ELLEN PRICE is the most remarkable psychic and mind reader I have ever known. One of the remarkable things about her is the fact that, through all her wonderful experiences she *kept her good sense.* She has written *the best* set of "Lessons on Practical Telepathy" I ever read. These Lessons really tell you *how,* as well as why. There are nine Lessons in the set, and the series will begin in an early number of *The Nautilus.*

FREDERICK ROSSLYN, well known for his stories and essays in *Collier's Weekly, Lippincott's, New England Magazine,* etc., is a regular contributor to our columns.

His "Psychology of Dreams," in September number, and "The Stars in Their Courses," in November, will give you an idea of the versatility and finished style of this writer. As a short story writer he stands at the head. As an essayist he is able and thorough as well as entertaining. "The First Wireless Telegraph," "The Mystery of the Keely Motor," "The Solution of the Edwin Drood Problem," and some short stories from Rosslyn are already waiting their turn in our pages.

Mr. Rosslyn has written for us a bright two-part Christmas story, which, with original illustrations by the author, will appear in December and January numbers.

Frederick Rosslyn is an artist as well as writer, and the attractiveness of his work is increased by striking and original illustrations which will appear with many of his articles.

ELEANOR KIRK has written for us a charming new thought story, "Prayer and Arithmetic," which continues through eight chapters. The serial began with October, and she will continue as a regular contributor to *Nautilus* for 1907.

MARGARET MESSENGER will contribute to *The Nautilus,* beginning with October number. Miss Messenger will be welcomed by all the old friends of *Eleanor Kirk's Idea,* now out of print; who, by the way, have been asking me for her. And after one taste of Margaret's bright articles our other readers will welcome her on her own account.

ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER'S splendid articles on "The Law of the Rhythmic Breath" will continue well into the year 1907. And already she is working on another splendid series to follow this.

And **ELIZABETH TOWNE** and **WILLIAM E. TOWNE** you have always with you —with their best work perhaps still ahead. Among Elizabeth's articles for the coming volume will be "Looking Out for No. 1," "Reincarnation and the Summerland," "The Secret of Quick Healing," etc.

THE LAWS OF NUMBER AND COLOUR. This series we are promised by **O HASHNU HARA,** the celebrated English authority on these subjects. The articles will tell the significance of colors and numbers, *how to read character* by them, etc. The series will form a good sequel to the "Rhythmic Breath" articles by Miss Fletcher, and we expect to begin their publication as soon as Miss Fletcher's articles are concluded, which will be early in 1907.

NEW THOUGHT AT HOME AND ABROAD, is the name of a number of articles we shall publish, each article giving a sketch of the history and present status of the new thought movement in one of the world's cities which is important from a new thought standpoint. Our readers often inquire of us regarding new thought centers in cities through which they are travelling, or to which they are moving. We are even asked for the addresses of such centers by people who have lived for years in the same cities with them

and knew them not! To enlighten all those who want to know *what* the new thought is doing and *where* it is doing it, we are giving you this series of bright, chatty articles, which will be accompanied by half-tone pictures of leading new thought people and places. The first of the sketches will be "New Thought in Our Capitol City," written by Elizabeth, who is to be entertained there November 11 and 12, by the leading new thought society. Then will follow sketches of New York, Buffalo, Boston, Los Angeles, etc., and cities in foreign lands.

HENRY WOOD, HARRY GAZE, FLOYD B. WILSON, WALTER DE VOE, F. SYDNOR CARTMELL, and many others will contribute occasionally to *The Nautilus* for 1906 and 1907.

There will be a short article by Rose Woodallen Chapman, *"Solving the Domestic Problem by New Thought Formulae,"* which will help our home-keepers. And other short articles, bright items, true stories illustrative of new thought principles, will appear; and editorials on all sorts of vital topics of the day and problems of the individual.

OUR SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

NEW THOUGHT IN THE KITCHEN will be one year old with the December number. Beginning with January the scope of the department will be enlarged. Riley M. Fletcher Berry will take up the subjects of special foods, giving their nature and uses with a variety of recipes for their uses. In addition to this an opportunity will be given our readers to tell us and each other about their own successes and problems in the development of non-meat living. Thus we shall be able to draw upon the best wisdom and experience of our 140,000 readers or so, for the benefit of all. Send us your problems, friends, and we will do our best to help you solve them. And send us your best recipes that we may all rejoice with you. Address your queries for this department to Riley M. F. Berry, care *The Nautilus,* and take *good* care to enclose *no* other communications with the Kitchen letter, which will go straight to Mrs. Berry.

Our friends have been asking for a special department on child-training. For a long time I've been looking for the right editor for such a department. I've found her! A young woman fitted by nature, training, experience *and heredity,* to tell us things worth knowing about the training of children *and parents.* She is

ROSE WOODALLEN CHAPMAN, daughter of Mary Wood Allen, who is editor of *Motherhood* and life-long student and teacher on this line. So you see, Rose has had the advantage of her mother's experience as well as her own. And in addition she is young as well as progressive, and is right in the midst of

raising her own babies. In addition to this she is associate editor with her mother, and has already helped many mothers solve their problems. You are sure to like Rose, and her soul is in her work of helping to "train children and parents." Send her your questions, care *The Nautilus,* Holyoke, Mass., and see.

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS will continue in our pages. This department has attracted much attention and helped many people. We have scores of bright letters awaiting their turns for publication, with two subscriptions to *Nautilus* as a prize for the best letter in each number, and $5.00 in cash for the best letter published in each half-year. The next $5.00 prize will be awarded when the January, 1907, *Nautilus* appears.

THE FAMILY COUNSEL will continue to be edited by Elizabeth Towne, who has all your problems very much at heart, and is ready to answer all your questions that she can.

THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS will give you brief items culled from current events, items which go to prove that the whole world is catching the new thought vibrations of good